



No. 281.—Vol. XXII.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 15, 1898.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.



THE DAINTY TRIPLET.



SPAIN AND AMERICA.

THE BOTANIC FÊTE IN REGENT'S PARK.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUSSELL AND SONS, BAKER STREET, W.

"THE NIBELUNG'S RING," AT COVENT GARDEN.

THE FIRST CYCLE.

THE NEW SINGERS.

London has at last—to some extent at all events—awakened to the Wagnerian ideal, and last week saw the amazing novelty of Opera beginning at four and five o'clock in the afternoon, just in order that Wagner should be heard befittingly, cleanly, and without immoderate bustle and turmoil. On the Monday, "Das Rheingold" began at half-past eight, and continued, without interval, until eleven o'clock. Of that performance there is this to say, that, considering the drawbacks under which Covent Garden labours, as the home of mechanical appliances, the staging was wonderfully well done. Of course, there was no very elaborate arrangement in the scenic interludes when the changes of *locale* are effected; a severe simplicity had to be studied, but the net result in the appearance of each separate scene was, on the whole, effective. Herr Van Rooy took the Wotan and Miss Brema the Fricka of this performance, and both were excellent, particularly Miss Brema. Herr Breuer's Mime in this was good, and Herr Nebe's Alberich very



CARL NEBE.

Photo by Schultz, Karlsruhe.

interesting indeed. The remainder of the cast was only fair, and the giants were quite dull. The orchestra, save the brass, was excellent.

It has not been found possible to run the four sections of the "Ring" on four successive days, so that Tuesday brought "Faust"—queer sandwich!—between "Rheingold" and "Die Walküre." Calvé had been advertised to sing, but indisposition at the last moment withdrew her from a house crowded to do her honour. On Wednesday came what can only be described as the most brilliant performance of "Die Walküre" ever heard in London. The first point to note and to praise was Mottl's amazing success with the orchestra. He dominated it throughout with splendid government, proportioning the action on the stage to the pure band-work in a manner beyond all praise. Herr Van Rooy's Wotan was here an exceedingly grand bit of work, dignified, tragic, statuesque, and splendidly sung; and Miss Brema's Brünnhilde was exceedingly brilliant. Madame Eames sang the part of Sieglinde exquisitely, and Mr. Van Dyck acted with wonderful fervour.

"Siegfried" was, for one reason, a singular disappointment. We had been distinctly promised that one of the objects of the Cyclus—and certainly the sole object of beginning so early in the afternoon—was to secure a complete performance of the "Ring" without cuts; and here we were regaled upon what was practically the old version of last year's "Siegfried," and with all the absurd cuts, the senseless mutilation, which that version entails. Who was to blame I know not; but there was no reason why we should have begun at five, seeing that the opera was over by about half-past ten. Mr. Edouard de Reszke's Wotan was simply not to be compared to that of Van Rooy. The omissions made in the part, aside from other even more potent reasons, made it almost absurd to listen to Mr. de Reszke's interpretation, though he sang splendidly enough. Mr. Jean de Reszke's Siegfried was as triumphant as ever, but I did not much care this time about Herr Breuer's Mime. Madame Nordica's Brünnhilde was well sung, but neither Brünnhilde nor Siegfried made a pretence of acting together.

Whatever may have been the disappointments of "Siegfried," however, they were nothing compared to what was destined for us in "Götterdämmerung." There were, indeed, no cuts, and the first two acts went quite smoothly enough, if not brilliantly. Mr. Jean de Reszke, however, was unable at the last moment to take the part of Siegfried, and his place was accordingly occupied by Mr. Dippel, the young tenor who made so favourable an impression last year at Covent Garden. Under all the circumstances, he is entitled to very high praise indeed. Mr. Edouard de Reszke's Hagen was a splendid performance, and Frau Schumann-Heink's Waltraute was no less admirable. But the stage-management of the last act would have disgraced a barn-performance in the provinces. On both the scenes the curtain went up disclosing the stage-carpenters busy over their work. The stage-directions were ludicrously disregarded; Gunther died off the stage, and Gutrune followed him—a most monstrous disobedience of Wagner's expressed injunctions; the business of the Raven was shamefully bungled; the Trauermarsch was almost inaudible at the beginning for the noise on the stage, and, to crown all, the wreck of the Hall in the final scene began a full half-hour before it was due. Mdme. Nordica, to continue, sang Brünnhilde's lament at the footlights, leaving Siegfried's corpse defiantly alone, and the final scene of Valhalla was too childish even for laughter. Mottl alone saved the situation by his superb orchestral playing.

Madame Lillian Nordica was born in Farmington, Maine, and it was in New England State that she began her musical studies under Professor O'Neill, of the New England Conservatoire of Music in "The Hub." Before she was sixteen she had sung as a soloist in oratorio for the Handel and Haydn Societies, and before she was eighteen had been heard here at the Crystal Palace. Then she went on to Milan for further study, and in April 1879, when she was only twenty years of age, she made her début in "Traviata" at Brescia, after which she went to Genoa, Novara, and in October 1881 to St. Petersburg, where she was so great a success in "Mignon" that she was engaged for Moscow, only returning to Paris in 1882 to sing in "Faust" and "Hamlet." Then she married, and retired from the stage until 1886, when she sang at Covent Garden for the first time, making her début here in "La Traviata." In 1889 she was secured by Messrs. Abbey and Grau for an American tour with Patti, and in 1893-4 by the same impresario for opera, after which she was invited to sing Elsa at Bayreuth, and since that time has become specially identified with Wagnerian rôles.

Fräulein von Artner, the Woglinde and Brünnhilde of "Der Ring des Nibelungen," is the daughter of an Austrian colonel, Josef van Artner. She received her musical education at the Vienna Conservatoire, whence she graduated with the first prize, and, making her début at the Stadttheater in Leipzig, was at once engaged for three years. In 1890 she went to the Vienna Opera House, her visit leading to a three years' engagement, during which time she made several concert tours and sang under Richter and Joachim. In 1893 she went to the Stadttheater in Hamburg, and in the summer of 1896 went to Bayreuth, by the special invitation of Frau Cosima Wagner, and there she sang in many smaller rôles, later on being entrusted with the leading parts.

Herr Carl Nebe, the Alberich in "Das Rheingold," began his musical career when only twenty years of age in Wiesbaden, at the Royal Theatre, under the direction of Herr Jahn, and after remaining there for three years, went to Dessau, and during the summer sang several times at Kroll's, in Berlin. In 1890 he began to study Wagnerian rôles under Herr Mottl, singing Alberich and Beckmesser in Bayreuth, Karlsruhe, Amsterdam, and Stuttgart, and this year sang at the Royal Opera House in Berlin, where he has signed a five years' engagement.

Herr Rudolph Wittekopf was born in Berlin in December 1863, and received his musical education at the Stern Conservatoire, and was heard frequently at the Gewandhaus; but, being persuaded to desert



RUDOLPH WITTEKOPF AS HAGEN.

Photo by Brokesch, Leipzig.

the concert-platform for the stage, he made his operatic début in 1888 at Aachen, remaining there for a year, and then spending from 1889 to 1896 in Leipzig, since which time he has appeared in Dresden, Munich, Weimar, Gotha, Berlin, and elsewhere, and is now engaged at the Royal Opera House in Berlin.

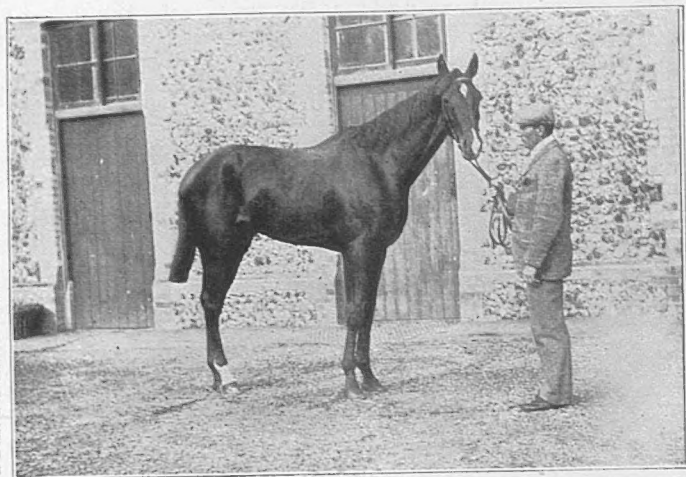


MISS KATE VAUGHAN AS MISS HARDCASTLE IN "SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER,"

AT TERRY'S THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. DOWNING, REGENT STREET, W.

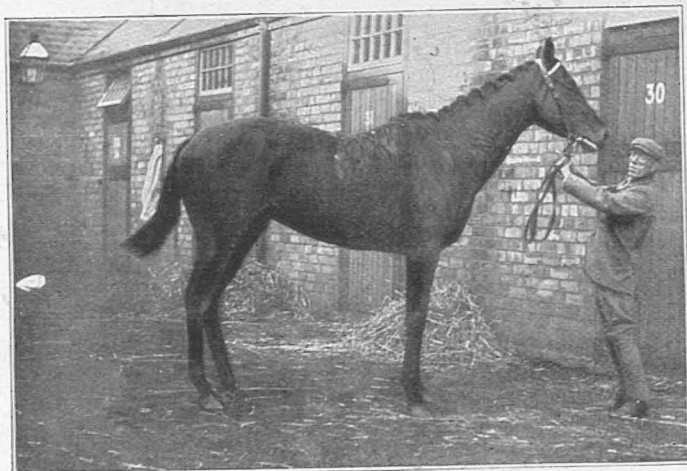
THESE HORSES WILL RUN AT ASCOT THIS WEEK.

Pictured by the Standard Photo Company.

MERMAN (GOLD CUP).



CHELANDRY (ROYAL HUNT CUP, ETC.).



EAGER (FORTY-FOURTH TRIENNIAL STAKES, ETC.).



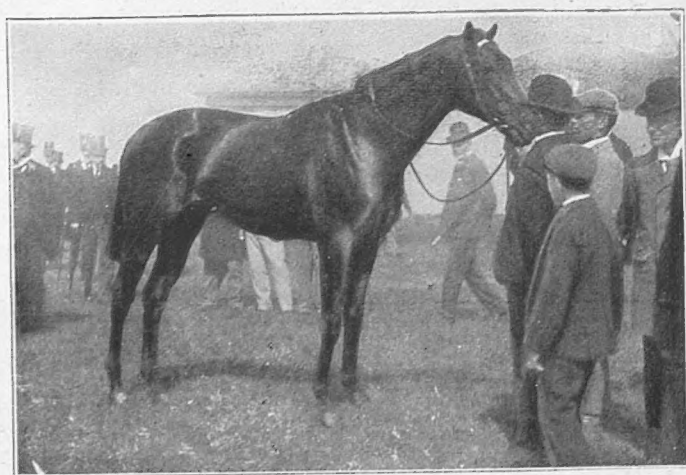
JEDDAH, WHO WON THE DERBY.



NUN NICER (CORONATION STAKES).



BAY RONALD (GOLD CUP AND HARDWICKE STAKES).



KNIGHT OF THE THISTLE (ROYAL HUNT CUP).



MINSTREL (ROYAL HUNT CUP AND WOKINGHAM STAKES).

PEKIN PUGS.

We have had two or three letters from correspondents of considerable standing in the dog-fancier world, calling in question the title of "Pekin Pugs" which was given to the dogs which appeared in our last issue, and which these particular dog-fanciers insist in declaring to be terriers. Some inquiry, however, elicits the following letter from Surgeon-Major Henston, the owner of the animals—

DEAR SIR,—In reply to your favour of this date, I beg to inform you that the name "Pekin Pug" is perfectly correct, and that in general use in describing those dogs in Pekin. They have no resemblance whatsoever to terriers except their long hair, which is the most prized of their characteristics, in combination with their pug-noses, large eyes, and curled tails. The dogs in question are extremely rare and hard to obtain, as they are never for sale, thus differing from the many so-called Pekin Pugs which I saw sold to globe-trotters for large prices. Should the Editor wish for pedigree, he will find it in the *Kennel Club Register* for May. I may remark that I have been four years in Tientsin, and am well acquainted with all the breeds of Northern Chinese dogs, also aware of how the parents of these dogs were obtained, as they only can be, through high Chinese officials in Pekin. That they are the most highly prized of the Pekin Pugs, I may state that an identical one was coming home from the Emperor to her Gracious Majesty as one of the Diamond Jubilee presents. It fell out of a car at Tientsin going on board the steamer, and got badly damaged. It was left behind, but, under the care of Mrs. Irwin, recovered with the loss of one eye, and is now, under the name of "Vic," alive, and living in Tientsin with her. Mrs. Irwin has the mother and grandmother, also grandfather of the dogs referred to, namely, Li Hung Tang and Lady Li; all are personally known to me, and, except that Vic is black, are undoubtedly the same breed. Whether they should more properly be described as pugs or spaniels, a committee of the Kennel Club could alone, in my opinion, decide.—Yours faithfully, FRED HENSTON.

"HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR."

The aloes were the culprits. What but the aloe blossom could have caused Sir Montagu Martin, Captain Carew, and his secretary, John Baverstock, to fall in love at less than a moment's notice with Ethel Carlton? What else will explain the swift love-madness of the Right Hon. Henry Carlton for Stella de Gex, the impudent music-hall artist, or the belated passion of Mrs. Wentworth Bolingbroke (widow) for Sir Montagu, and her almost shameless avowal of it within a few hours after their first meeting? Clearly the aloes were to be blamed, but the conduct of any vegetable product on an island called "Amanda-land" may be excused; even such conduct as that of getting itself confused by Mr. or Captain Marshall with the agave. However, the slow-flowering plant should be pardoned, since its misconduct leads to some very comical scenes at the Court Theatre. All London should see the situation when Sir Montagu, perched on top of a barricade erected by the ladies to guard them from an apprehended native rising, soliloquises rapturously to a nightingale, which is but a toy warbler blown by the melancholy Baverstock to the exquisite Ethel. Moreover, the scene in which the immensely respectable Privy Councillor finds himself on his knees in the dark to the roguish Stella de Gex is really comic. No doubt, Captain Marshall, in his attempts to keep his rather thin story in perpetual motion, at times sinks to somewhat childish business, but it will be easy to eliminate such matters, and then "His Excellency the Governor" will be a very entertaining, unclassifiable work. The author has attempted a classification by styling it a "farceal romance"; perhaps such a description was once accurate, but in actual presentation there is only enough of the romance to render the work a nondescript. One charm of the play is in its daring lack of explanations. For instance, Stella de Gex, obviously in fact a third-rate music-hall artist, has the manners and impertinence of a duchess and finesse of a London husband-hunter. How does she acquire such qualities? You may guess for yourself. I guess that much is due to the peculiar and delightful art of Miss Irene Vanbrugh, an actress with a quaint, fascinating artificiality of manner and an irresistible gaiety. Indeed, the author suffers a little at her hands, since she robs one of interest in Ethel, the young lady with three lovers, and makes one feel that the play is all wrong, since all the men would have been in love with Stella even if there had been no aloe or agave blossoms in the question. Baverstock, whose name suggested a new suburban railway station to Stella, is the real comic creation of the piece—Baverstock, the man who once abhorred women, but recognised in his own existence the utility of the sex; Baverstock, who is not merely a man in love, but the whole of secretarydom and red-tapeism in love; Baverstock, who, when Ethel was to make her choice, observed, "Though I have a presentiment of failure, I still venture to offer myself as a candidate"; Baverstock, whose truthfulness is founded on the fact that long experience had taught him that he had no gift for disguising the truth! The part was in the hands of Mr. Dion Boucicault, who played it admirably.

The modern has learned how to travel with the least possible trouble, and among those who have helped him Messrs. Gaze occupy an honourable place. With the holiday season well in sight, the facilities afforded by these cicerones are again available, and arrangements for the circular tours of the firm all over the Continent are ready.

NINE NEW SIX-SHILLING NOVELS.

THE LAKE OF WINE. By BERNARD CAPES.
THE DULL MISS ARCHINARD. By ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK.
DREAMERS OF THE GHETTO. By I. ZANGWILL.
EZEKIEL'S SIN. By J. H. PEARCE.
A CHAMPION IN THE SEVENTIES. By EDITH A. BARNETT.
THE MINISTER OF STATE. By J. A. STEUART.
THE OPEN BOAT. By STEPHEN CRANE.
THE LONDONERS. By ROBERT HICHENS.
THE SCOURGE STICK. By MRS. CAMPBELL PRAED.

TWO NEW THREE-AND-SIXPENNY NOVELS.

HER LADYSHIP'S ELEPHANT. By D. D. WELLS.
THE OLD ADAM AND THE NEW EVE. By RUDOLF GOLM.

London: WM. HEINEMANN, 21, Bedford Street, W.C.

Mr. UNWIN is bleased to announce that the First Impression of 10,000 Copies of MR. GEORGE MOORE'S New Novel, EVELYN INNES, is now ready, and can be obtained at the Libraries and Booksellers', price 6s. Also, a Romance of Pitcairn Island, by LOUIS BECKE and WALTER JEFFERY, entitled THE MUTINEERS, is just issued in Unwin's Green Cloth Library, price 6s.

London: T. FISHER UNWIN, Paternoster Square, E.C.

GAY AND BIRD'S NEW NOVELS.

Obtainable at all Booksellers' and Libraries. Handsomely Bound, good type, price 6s. each.
PENELOPE'S EXPERIENCES IN SCOTLAND. By MRS. WIGGIN.
"So genial and jolly a book about Scotland is seldom written."—GLASGOW HERALD.
"Here is a book to buy and give hearty thanks for."—DUNDEE ADVERTISER.
"Sure of a hearty welcome."—SPECTATOR.
"Always a pleasure to read Mrs. Wiggin's books."—TELEGRAPH.
"Irresistibly funny."—GLASGOW DAILY MAIL.
IN THE DAYS OF KING JAMES: or, Romances of London in the Olden Time. By SIDNEY HERBERT BURCHELL.
BY CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK.
THE JUGGLER: A Popular American Book.
ON THE RED STAIRCASE: A Story of the Time of Peter the Great. By M. IMRAY TAYLOR.
"It is both valuable and intensely interesting, because of the clear and powerful sidelight which it throws upon Russian society at the time."—SCOTSMAN.
London: GAY and BIRD, 22, Bedford Street, Strand.

Now Ready.

Price One Shilling.

THE
Summer Number
OF THE
ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

With this Number will be Given

A MAGNIFICENT COLOURED PLATE

ENTITLED

"A SWEET ARRANGEMENT."

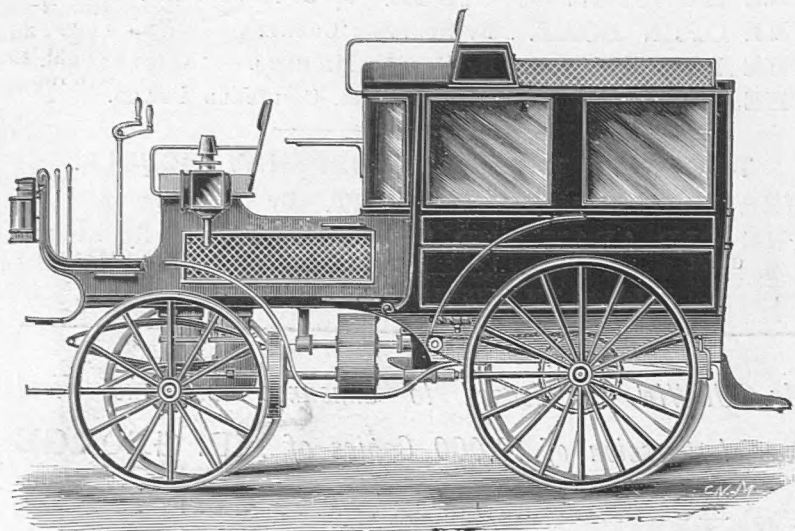
SEVERAL FASCINATING STORIES AND BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATIONS.

OFFICE: 198, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

THE MOTORS THAT ARE COMING.

Are we within measurable distance of seeing our vehicular traffic transformed by the introduction of the dashing and comfortable motor, and a brand-new commercial industry started?

Those curious thousands who swarmed to see the motor vehicles of many kinds career along Northumberland Avenue and the Victoria Embankment on Wednesday had reason to think so—those who gathered



THE PANHARD BUS FOR THIRTEEN PERSONS.

round the festive board at the Métropole at the invitation of the Motor-Car Club may be said by their presence to have shared in the belief that the vehicular revolution is imminent. Mr. Sidney Gedge, M.P., presided over a large company, which included Lord Crawshaw, Mr. Harry J. Lawson (president of the Motor-Car Club), Sir Charles Hartopp, Mr. J. O'Connor, M.P., Colonel Josiah Harris, F.R.G.S., Sir H. H. Bemrose, M.P., Dr. Clarke, M.P., Mr. Guy Pym, M.P., Mr. A. Arnold, M.P., Mr. E. Parker, M.P., Mr. J. J. H. Sturmev, Mr. George Idem, Mr. Thomas Robinson, Mr. J. H. Mace, Mr. E. M. C. Instone, Mr. Baron (Blackpool Motor Company), Mr. Fleming Nesbit, &c.

"If," said the Pioneer of the motor-car industry in this country, "tramcars can be made to work, carrying the same number of people equally well, without the public nuisance of tram-rails, surely it is a matter demanding the attention of the Government at this time, and especially of the London County Council, who will be wasting millions of public money by purchasing a road which is superseded." His contention is that there are five thousand omnibuses now running at a cost of more than double that which ought to be spent upon them. He argued that the Government should take up the motor question, and, after ascertaining the trifling amount necessary for working motor omnibuses and cars, establish works for the manufacture of these vehicles for the supply not only of this country, but of our colonies. India, he pointed out, is particularly suitable for motor traffic, with its beautifully made and perfectly level roads, stretching hundreds of miles. The Pioneer's well-expressed and cogent observations were listened to with the greatest interest, as they deserved to be, for they were practical and to the point, even if tinged by a characteristic optimism.

There are to be steam omnibuses, motor omnibuses, and petrol cabs.

As regards the first, we learn that the steam is created by a slow-combustion stove, which consumes only a very small quantity of coke or petroleum. These omnibuses are of twenty horse-power, to be increased presently to thirty horse-power. One vehicle will, it is asserted, carry twenty-eight passengers, and, where necessary, is capable of being fastened to another omnibus of equal capacity. The cost per passenger is stated to amount to one-fifth of a farthing per mile; speed, from eight to ten miles an hour, to be increased to fifteen miles an hour. The most convenient form of omnibus power is said to be the new London motor omnibus, which neither requires a boiler nor consumes fuel when not working. It makes less noise than other motor vehicles, and has the great merit of not diffusing any sulphur. Then there is the new licensed petrol cab, which, after twelve months' trial, has been licensed as being as safe as horse traffic. This cab will work all day and all night, and will travel upwards of a hundred miles a-day, using only between two and three gallons of petrol, which can be purchased in quantities at 5½d. per gallon. We are told that these three types of vehicles and the motor vans have been fully tested during the past year, and that the French Government has decided to grant special subsidies to the companies manufacturing these vehicles.

Mr. Worby Beaumont, President of the Society of Engineers, assures us that the tramways and omnibuses of London alone carry 480,000,000 passengers annually, and these and the Metropolitan Railways together convey 871,000,000 passengers per year. Add to this hansom-cab and other traffic, and the figures rise to at least 1,000,000,000.

There are hundreds of miles of roads and lanes bounded by green fields within a twenty-mile radius of London. To connect these to London by lines of steam motor omnibuses would be a boon. A punctual daily and hourly steam omnibus service would create new towns along the route, and bring cheap land within reach; prosperity would follow as it follows railways and the opening of new lines. In most cases time would be saved. A reference to the suburban timetable shows that to travel from door to door even at slower speed is quicker than the District Railway, because the distance from the railway stations at each end and the waiting at the station form a serious waste of time and a great annoyance, especially when underground. From the Hotel Métropole to anywhere within ten miles can, we are assured, be done more quickly by motor than by ordinary stopping trains if the time is taken from door to door. An easy means of relieving London traffic is to extend the capital to wider and healthier thoroughfares. This cannot be done by horses so easily as by a steam-omnibus service. The omnibus is becoming the favourite conveyance. Shares are increasing in value, and the number of omnibuses employed is multiplied every year. Why, the London General Omnibus Company's takings for last year were £1,334,264 16s. 8d. The number of vehicles owned by the company was 1266, and 14,165 horses, or more than twelve horses to each omnibus. No less than 172,317,192 passengers were carried in one year. The North Metropolitan Tramway Company carried over 107,000,000 passengers, and employed over 4700 horses. The London Tramway Company carried over 98,000,000 passengers, and employed over 4000 horses. The London Road-Car Company carried over 50,000,000 passengers, and employed over 3000 horses. Glance at that startling item in the annual reports under the head of "Horse Renewals." "Horse Renewals" for the London General Omnibus Company is given for six months only as £53,644—positively more than £100,000 per annum for replacing worn-out, maimed, and slaughtered horses in this one company alone. This immense sum is wasted not only once, but every year. The engine saves the whole of it.

Taking the petroleum at threepence per gallon (the price of large quantities), one farthing will carry one person five miles. The journey from London to Brighton would cost twopence-halfpenny per head, and result in a handsome profit of one shilling per person.

Steam is thoroughly understood on steam tramcars and railroads, and there is no reason why the profitable employment of steam-omnibus service should not immediately take place in the suburban roads round London for connecting our suburbs with town. It is predicted that lines of steam omnibuses will be the railways of the future. We might all get to the City much more quickly and more cheaply by these early steam-cars and omnibuses.

Lines of steam omnibuses might very well run along the road from London to Brighton, and seeing that petroleum is so reduced in price, and that it is proved a full-sized omnibus may run seven miles for one gallon, which may be taken at a cost of threepence-halfpenny, or about a halfpenny per mile, it is quite obvious that if twenty-eight persons may be carried for a halfpenny per mile, enough profit could be made out of a farthing per head; that is to say, that London to Brighton might be done for a shilling, eighteenpence there and back, calling at all the small rising towns *en route*, and creating an enormous value to the terrain which is now treated as pasture-land.



DE DION TWELVE-SEATED BUS.

SMALL TALK.

London and the parks are at their best in June; but, then, so is the country, and, the Season notwithstanding, I always, if possible, enjoy a week or two away from the Metropolis at that time. Last June I looked across Sussex hills from a cottage window—now I am gazing at a small forest of masts in the harbour dear to many a Londoner, the somewhat Cockney Ramsgate. Though it is the Season in town, it is by no means the season here; yet there are some smart yachts at anchor, and the fine weather of the first Sunday in June brought down quite a host of trippers. By the way, why do lady trippers affect white shoes? The more unlike their feet are to those of the Andalusian beauties, the more they seem to love to display their ample proportions and somewhat ungraceful movements in cheap and shapeless coverings of white canvas. The fashions of '98 give these damsels a wonderful choice of crude colours for their costumes, and I still shudder at the recollection of the tints with which I was surrounded in a char-à-banc in which I journeyed.

the house is a small stretch of turf, then the public highway, then a little semicircle of grass with the Coastguard flagstaff, and then the cliff's edge and the broad stretch of blue sea. The land slopes up on the west to the promontory on which stands Kingsgate Castle, which looks as ancient as a Norman keep, and, indeed, I was told by a local publican that "no one knew how old it was." Alas! I could have undeceived him, but spared his feelings. Kingsgate Castle is, I believe, no older than the century, if as old. It is said that some of its sham ruins were erected by Lord Holland with a view of masking stables, and at a later date the place was developed into a mediæval castle and dwelling-house. The inhabitants of little Kingsgate are anticipating all sorts of royal visitors during the sojourn of the Duke and Duchess, and, should their anticipations be fulfilled, and should the Duchess's royal brother pay her a visit, it will not be the first time a Duke of York has come to Kingsgate. In June 1683 Charles II. and the Duke of York landed there, and the place, called till then Bartholomew's Gate, changed its name in honour of that auspicious event.



ODDFELLOWS IN CONFERENCE AT OXFORD.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GILLMAN, OXFORD.

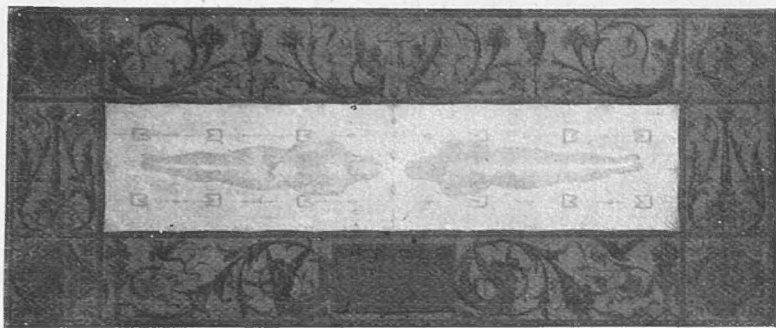
It is not trippers only who are enjoying the magnificent tonic of the Isle of Thanet air this June, for the Duke and Duchess of Fife have, much to the delight of the Broadstairs' folks, located themselves at Kingsgate. A more quiet and retired spot, with a finer and healthier situation, it would be difficult to find so close to town. Something more than a century ago, Henry, Lord Holland, was recommended by his physician to take a dose of Thanet air, and so beneficial did he find it that he built himself a mansion just above the little bay at Kingsgate, and close to the edge of the cliff. The house was in the form of Tully's Villa at Baiae, and it was stuffed full of fine and valuable *objets d'art*, and was surrounded with grounds in which it pleased his lordship to erect many sham ruins of castles, temples, and the like. Years passed and the mansion fell into decay, much of it perished, and, writing some seventy years ago, a local scribe speaks of it as "let out in tenements." Holland House to-day, in which the Duke and Duchess of Fife are residing, is the centre of a long block of buildings, a plain, old-fashioned white house, with a balcony running along the first-floor window, from which is a view of a fine sweep of sea.

Mr. Luke Fildes has the house adjoining this to the west, while on the east are the Coastguard buildings and barracks. In front of

Talking of royalties in connection with the Isle of Thanet, I see that the old house at Broadstairs where the Queen lived for a time as a child has disappeared, and the ubiquitous builder has begun to cover the grounds and gardens with modern villas. It was a charming house, but I suppose the ground-rents of the "desirable residences" will more than compensate the owners for the associations and the old-world charm that have gone for ever. By the way, let me recommend visitors to the Isle of Thanet to provide themselves with that most amusing guide to the Kentish coast, the "Zig-Zag," compiled by F. C. Burnand and Phil May. The "Mo" lasses referred to are not yet in evidence on Ramsgate beach, but they will be there presently, I do not doubt.

There is a certain irony in the fact that the friendly societies, which are really a popular sort of university, have been holding their annual conference in such a touch-me-not, select spot as Oxford. Think of the Dons dining with the Druids, or imagine the Fellows of, say, Balliol hobnobbing with Oddfellows belonging to the Annual Movable Committee of the Manchester Unity! Can you imagine the Junior Common Room toasting the Hearts of Oak to a bumper? Yet Druids, Oddfellows, Hearts of Oak, and the rest were quite happy, despite the selectness of Balliol and the Bodleian, and formed a Pension League.

During eight days which ended with June 2 many thousands of pilgrims flocked to the Cathedral of Turin to venerate the winding-sheet said to be that in which Joseph of Arimathea enfolded the body of the Redeemer. Hung aloft in a gilt frame supported by figures of angels and illuminated with electric-lights, the "Sacra Sindone," of



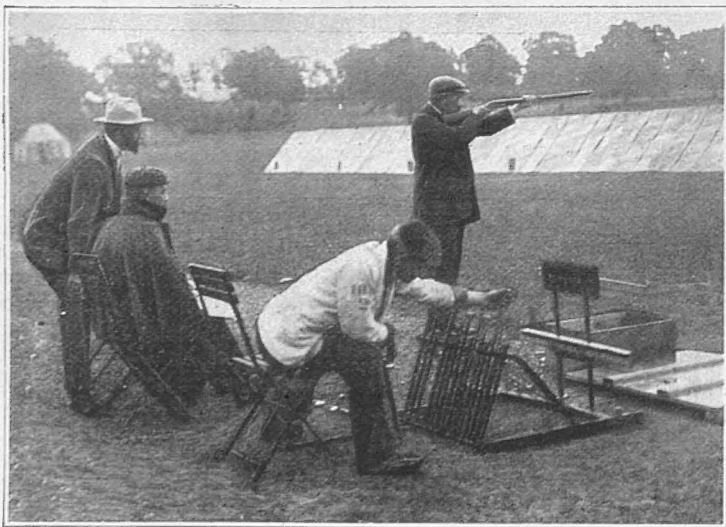
THE MOST FAMOUS WINDING-SHEET IN THE WORLD.

which the dimensions are about 13 ft. by 4 ft. 6 in., presents a striking appearance. Good eyesight, especially if assisted by a binocular, can distinguish in the reddish-brown stains the faint outline of a human form twice repeated from the centre to right and left—these burial-cloths used to enfold the body on each side, falling from head to foot—deeper stains represent the wounds on hands and feet, which, contrary to the accepted representation, are in the wrists and upper part of foot.

Nicodemus, the "ruler of the Jews who came to Jesus," is said to have taken the sheet from the sepulchre, and passed it to his uncle Gamaliel, through whom it came into the possession of the Christians. Then a member of the house of Lusignan, King of Cyprus, got it from Amadeus III. of Savoy, who had got it from the Grand Master of the Hospitallers. In 1331 the French knight, Godfrey of Burgundy, took it to France, and, on being taken prisoner by the English at the siege of Calais, vowed, if set free, to build a shrine for its keeping at Lirey, near Troyes, whereupon angels appeared, and, having led him forth, mounted him on a swift horse at the prison gate.

His descendant, Margaret, a century later, gave it to Duke Ludovic of Chambéry, after the attempt of two thieves to cut it into halves and to wash out the stains; whereupon the hands of the one were paralysed and the other was struck blind, only repentance and restitution making them whole again. Filibert II. of Savoy enclosed it in a silver-gilt coffer, the gift of Margaret of Austria, and placed it in the ducal chapel at Chambéry. In 1532, a fire which melted the metal coffer left the "Sindone" uninjured, with the exception of slight burns and smoke-marks. Removed to Vercelli and Nice a few years later, it was finally brought back to Turin by Victor Amadeus II., and deposited with great ceremony in a richly ornamented rotunda built for its reception. During the last two centuries its exhibition in public has been restricted to special occasions, especially those of the celebration of weddings of members of the House of Savoy, the last time it was shown being thirty years ago, when the present King of Italy married his cousin Margherita.

To the unenthusiastic outsider it is quaint to watch a staid citizen calmly potting clay pigeons shot into the air from a trap. Yet the game rouses the keenest interest for many people. The whole *modus operandi* is exhibited in the accompanying snapshot.



COLONEL BELL SHOOTING AT CLAY PIGEONS.

Photo by Gibbs, Kingsland Road, N.

Clubland is so regularly associated with a circle that takes Pall Mall for its centre and half a mile for radius that I take a great pleasure in the discovery of clubs in other parts of town. Experience has led me

to regard suburban clubs with suspicion; as a rule, they are not to be highly commended, but every rule has its exception, and the Blackheath Art Club is not only better than any other suburban club I ever met, but could give points in comfort and order to many of its London rivals. A well-known black-and-white artist entertained me at the Blackheath Club a few nights ago, and I was compelled to admit the facts stated above. The club-house is not only large and well-appointed, it stands away from noisy roads and is covered with ivy and creepers through which the red-brick walls peep out pleasantly. The club has a large membership, some fine studios and laboratories, and a cook worthy of his important duties and responsible position. Blackheath is progressive, its club is popular, its art, as exemplified on the walls, is bold and up to date, influenced by the latest schools, and embracing work by both impressionists and realists. May other clubs as pretty and well served as the Blackheath Art Club invite me to dinner and give me as good a one! "Of such good things," as old Theocritus sang, "may my life ever be full!"

A real hardship from which the minor actresses and the higher grade of employees in the chorus and ballet of the many theatres surrounding the Strand have long suffered is mitigated by the Rehearsal Club. Before it was started there was no quiet place where these hard-working girls could spend the time between morning rehearsals and the performance in the evening; and for those who lived, as so many do, away in the distant suburbs there was nothing to do but to stroll through the streets in all weathers. At the Rehearsal Club, for a tiny subscription, the girls can have the comforts of a quiet and prettily furnished resting-place, while they can obtain good food at nominal prices. The club cannot, however, be made to pay without the help of those outside, as the subscriptions of the members are not sufficient by themselves to cover



THE ART OF A SCHOOLGIRL OF FIFTEEN.

expenses. Much has been done for the club by Mrs. Beerbohm Tree, Mrs. Cyril Maude, Mrs. George Alexander, and other ladies of the profession; but more help is wanted, and anyone who is interested in this good work is invited to send subscriptions to the treasurer, Mrs. Mayne, 101, Queen's Gate, S.W.

Clever girls are the order of the day. Thus Miss Seville, who will be fifteen in September, and is now at Notting Hill High School for Girls, always writes home in pictorial envelopes of her own imagining. Her designs, which are in colours, are very amusing, as you will see from the specimen reproduced here.

There are few, if any, who know as much about Burns as Mr. A. B. Todd of Cumnock. For some time past, Mr. Todd, whose father, by the way, was a friend of Burns, has been engaged on his autobiography, and if he introduces the wordy encounters which distinguished the Cumnock journals when Keir-Hardie edited the rival print, the book will not lack a spicy element. Some little time ago Mr. Todd was requested to furnish an appropriate epitaph to be inscribed on the unlettered stone which marks the grave of Annie Rankine at Tarbolton, of whom Burns wrote the song, "It was upon a Lammas Night." Mr. Todd's verses, it seems, met with the approval of "some of the best and most religious men in the town," but a descendant of Annie refused, at the last moment, his sanction, and so this Burns heroine lies unsung of the later muse. Though ignorant of the exact grounds on which Annie's representative would not sanction the inscription, my readers will not be surprised at his decision when they read the stanzas—

Ah, Annie, now how changed thy lot
Since 'mang the corn-rigs bonny
Ye romped and ran, a lassie gay,
As blithe and loved as ony.

To thee, like Burns, death came and called,
Nor would he treat or parley;
And here ye spend a lang dark night,
Where bloom nae rigs o' barley.

Miss Fleetwood-Wilson has become engaged to Prince Alexis Dolgorouki, younger son of the Prince who was Secretary of State and Privy Seal to the Czar. Miss Wilson is the only child and heiress of the



MISS FLEETWOOD-WILSON, WHO IS TO BECOME THE PRINCESS ALEXIS DOLGOROUKI.

Photo by Esmé Collings, New Bond Street, W.

late Fleetwood Pellow-Wilson. Her country seat is Wappenham Manor, Northamptonshire, while at her town house in Portman Square she has entertained a great deal.

I have been reading with keen interest "A Word to Women," by Mrs. Humphry ("Madge" of *Truth*). It is full of sound sense, and is put in such a pretty way that I must needs try to attempt a review in other form than prose—

A Word to Women, one and all,
And sense in plenty—
For Age, when youth is past recall,
For One-and-Twenty.
For Girton damsels prone to cram: for maters
Who love and live to wheel perambulators.
A Word to Women of To-day,
Perhaps To-morrow.
The Law of Change must have its sway,
Then wherefore sorrow?
Their hearts may shrink, but brains, we hear, are ampler,
Since women ceased to work the dear old sampler.
The art of sewing once in vogue
Is only so-so,
For woman haunts the pedagogue
(Yet loves her toque O!).
She works no "tidies" to defy Macassar,
But studies at a school that's high, or Vassar.
She will not play as heretofore
A game like croquet,
And even tennis seems a bore,
While golf is "O K."
Our manly Vivien tries to school her Merlin
By other charms than coloured wool from Berlin.
Then women of a certain set,
Says Mrs. Humphry,
Are backing horses (Did they bet
A bit on Comfrey?);
And others spend their time in reading fiction,
While some are victims of the "weed" affliction.
A Word to Women. Thus the world
Spins ever faster,
And woman tailor-made or curled
Invites a master.
Read "Madge" and then you'll find the globe is "gowden"
(Her book is published by Jacobus Bowden).

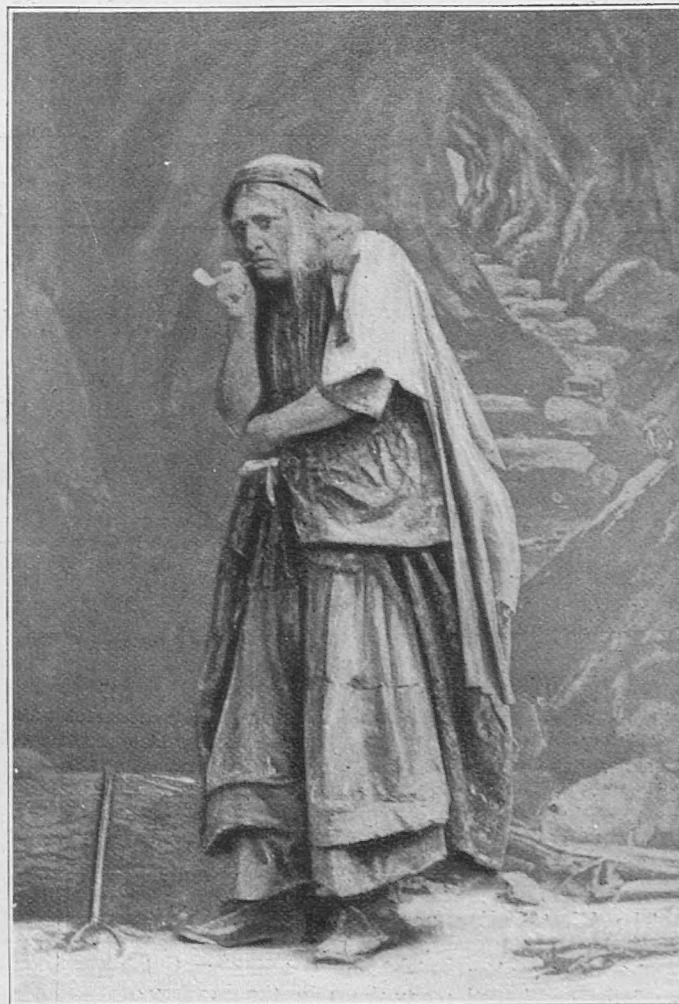
It is said that the Queen of Denmark is probably one of the best correspondents in Europe, certainly among crowned heads. She never allows a week to pass without writing to each of her three daughters, and, oftener than not, they hear from her twice in the week. Early hours are the order of the day at the Danish Court. Breakfast is served

punctually at nine, and all guests are expected to be there at the tick, however late they may have gone to bed the night before. During the winter there is always a dinner-party on Wednesdays, and often on Sundays also; but these functions begin so early that the guests have generally had their meal and departed before the Courts of other countries have sat down to dinner.

Mr. Morley spoke up manfully at Arbroath for newspaper reading. Foolish people decry the newspaper just as they decry novels, not perceiving that everybody who knows how to read may derive much profit from both. The art of reading has to be learned, like every other art. It demands moderation and selection. You must choose your books and papers as you choose your food and drink, and consume the right quantity at the right time. This is the broad and rational philosophy that one expects from Mr. Morley, and not from the ratepayers of Marylebone, who vote steadily against the adoption of the Free Libraries Act. The object of all reading, as Mr. Morley justly says, is "to bring sunshine to the heart and drive moonshine out of the head." That is why so many people read *The Sketch*.

A writer in *Blackwood's* falls foul of the literary clubs which give dinners and make speeches. After-dinner speaking, he says, is repugnant to "men and women of sense." In heaven's name, why? Everything depends on the quality of the speeches. If a speech is good, why is it less sensible than an article in *Blackwood's*? The speakers, it is complained, praise one another "with amazing fluency and well-affected gusto." Certainly they are often more genial than the writers in *Maga*, and quite as fluent. It is possible for a speaker at a literary dinner to be as discriminating and helpful as a critic who writes his screed after breakfast. Do "men and women of sense" refuse to heed the speeches which are made after dinner in the House of Commons? I have heard a great many of these in my time, and I do not think the literary club need be ashamed of any comparison.

However, one protest must be made. The lady with the remarkable voice who rose uninvited at the Anglo-American banquet, and delivered some incoherent sentiments with a superlatively ethical intention, must really be persuaded by her friends not to make such an exhibition again. People who eat a half-guinea dinner for the sake of a good understanding between England and America ought to be protected from a rambling vocalist whose business it is to sing and not to spout. Otherwise there is some danger that the chord we are making as musical as we can between the two nations will be a lost chord. I have often been delighted when this lady has sung "Caller Herrin'," but I don't want her "herrin'" in an after-dinner sermon.

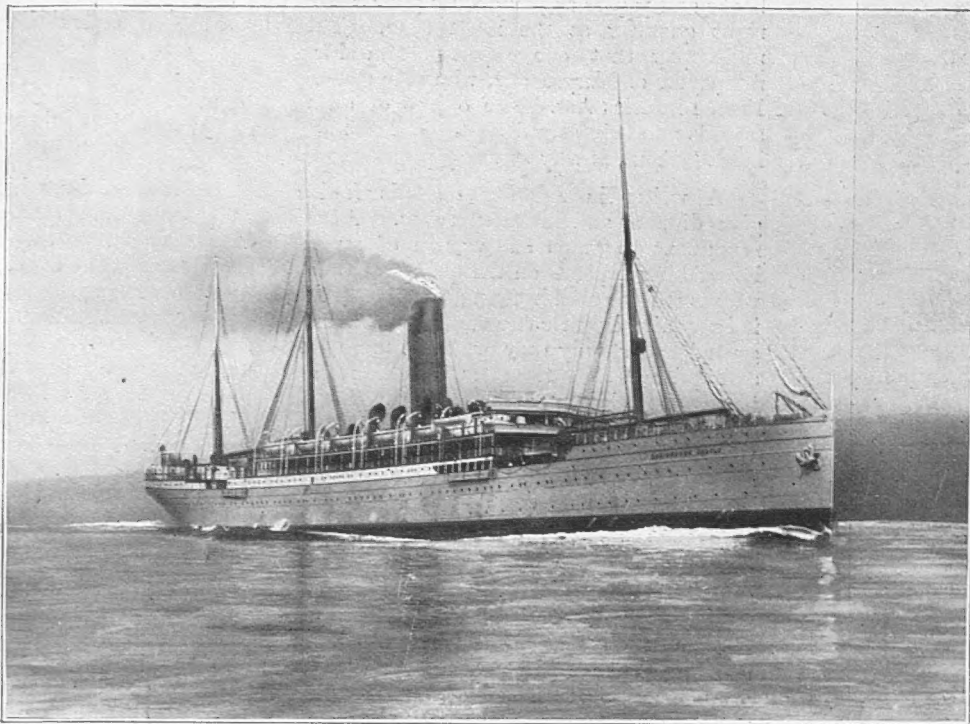


MISS WINIFRED EMERY'S FATHER ACTING AS A GIPSY WOMAN.

Photo by Chancellor, Dublin.

It is a curious thing that, while Miss Winifred Emery is figuring as the Gipsy in "The Little Minister," her father, Mr. Sam Emery, once played the part of a Gipsy in costume similar to that which Mrs. Maude wears. Can any reader tell me what part Mr. Emery did play?

Africa, ever Africa—you see these two pages filled with pictures representing different aspects of the Dark Continent—the ship to take you there, the amateur play-actor in the North, and Oom Paul away in the far South. The new Currie liner, the *Carisbrook Castle*, which was launched in October, made a most successful voyage to Southampton with a merry party on Thursday. Her dimensions are as follows: Length over all, 500 ft.; length on water-line, 485 ft.; breadth, extreme, 56 ft.; depth, moulded, 35 ft. 6 in.; depth, hold, 32 ft. 2 in.



R.M.S. "CARISBROOK CASTLE."

Photo by Maclure, Macdonald, and Co.

Her tonnage is 7626, and horse-power 8500. The vessel is fitted up in the most luxurious way, this applying equally to the third class as well as the first. The ventilation is perfect, and the utilisation of electricity for various purposes is an object-lesson in itself. She sailed for the Cape on Saturday.

The canonisation of Kruger in the mind of his faithful subjects reached a pitch last month, when he was sworn in for the fourth time as Chief Magistrate. The illustration shows the State buildings at Pretoria, the Transvaal capital, in front of which the re-elected President was sworn in. A crowd of over 15,000 people was gathered on the square to witness the ceremony.

By the way, it may be remembered that Messrs. W. C. Windover, Turrill, and Sons, of Long Acre, built a state-coach for President Kruger, to the order of Mr. Erasmus. The President refused to accept the chariot as a gift; he has expressed himself willing to purchase it, and an arrangement has been come to. From all accounts, he is simply charmed with it, and the Transvaal generally has fallen down before it. This carriage was recently awarded two silver medals and a certificate of merit at an exhibition of carriages for excellence of finish.

A company of amateurs, recruited early this year among the British community at Alexandria and a few of their friends of other nationalities, have been playing "The Mikado" for the benefit of several local benevolent societies. The immense success of the performances testified to the great pains that had been taken by all concerned. The chorus consisted of sixty members, whose singing was excellent. These, with the nine principals (and many of the twenty-eight members composing the orchestra), were amateurs, not a few of whom appeared on a public stage for the first time.

The West Indian portions of the magnificent Atlas of coloured maps, prepared by the famous Belgian geographer Abraham Ortelius and his associates, and issued many times in the heyday of Spanish rule, have now more than an academic interest, for on them are figured most of the places made so familiar to newspaper readers during the present war. Havana, of course, stands out boldly with its cathedral coloured red; Matanzas and its river are styled "Portus Mataneas," Santiago de Cuba is "S. Jacobi," and not so far off Cienfuegos are the "Garden Rocks, formidable to navigators." "Portus Riccus" was once but the harbour of

"S. Joannis" (San Juan), and the whole island was termed St. John's, a curious instance of the part swallowing up the whole. An editorial note states that these islands were traversed by the map-maker, who drew his longitudes not, as in the Ptolemean maps, from the "Fortunate Isles," but from Toledo, "the navel of Spain."

On the map of the New World (drawn by Ortelius himself in 1587, the year before the Armada), a large fleet of Spanish galleons is depicted as in full sail between the Cape de Verde Islands and the Antilles. Other squadrons are to be seen off Chili and Patagonia, and also in the North Pacific, then styled habitually the "Mar del Sur." In the far Western margin are New Guinea, called by a Florentine explorer "Terra Piccinacoli," and, below, "Terra Australis, Sive Magellanica, haecenus incognita."

Few people in this country seem to be aware how large a party there is in Austria in favour of annexation to Germany. The head of this party, Baron Schoenerer, has been in prison more than once for this disloyalty, as the Austrian Government considers it; and he and his partisans, who are among the rowdiest members of the Reichsrath, generally wear cornflowers in the House, in honour of the old Emperor and as a badge of their aspirations. If the long-threatened disruption of the Austrian Empire takes place on the death of Francis Joseph, it is by no means impossible that the Baron and his friends may succeed in handing over a substantial tract of territory, but races are so hopelessly intermixed in every part of the Dual Monarchy that even Young Father William will have his hands full in attempting to govern his new acquisition.

A correspondent of the *St. James's Gazette* protests against the idea of draping a statue of Mr. Gladstone in the Abbey in the Roman toga. He thinks such a garment incongruous in a Christian church, and wants to see the effigy of the great statesman reposing in an attitude of resignation. But I take it that what most people desire to see in the Abbey is a statue of Gladstone which suggests his living and not his dead image. The Roman toga is unsuitable to many historical figures that wear it on pedestals, but it is peculiarly suitable to Mr. Gladstone, as Sir John Tenniel has shown in many a vigorous drawing. Besides, it is much too late to say that the religious character of the Abbey forbids memorials with secular associations. Mr. Gladstone was buried there not because he was a Christian, but because he was a great Englishman with a splendid record of public service. For that reason, his statue, like the statues of his illustrious predecessors, must suggest the secular not the religious aspect of the character which his countrymen desire to commemorate.

The Jacobites are in a great state of indignation over the proposal to perpetuate the memory of Mr. Gladstone by the display of white roses, which they consider they have a prescriptive right to corner. I have been talking with the President of the Legitimist Club on the subject, and he suggests that, if the admirers of the deceased statesman must wear roses, they should indulge in the new black roses which some Dutch creator claims to have called into being. This would have the advantage of being a mourning flower, and, as its price will probably be a high one for some time to come, the tribute will be the greater compliment.



"THE MIKADO" BY AMATEURS AT ALEXANDRIA.

The Smyrna Races Club is an English institution of some thirty years standing. It holds race-meetings twice a year on the beautifully situated course at Paradise, four miles out of Smyrna. The spring meeting is held on Greek Easter Monday and Tuesday, and is the great sporting event of the year, all the rank and fashion of Smyrna attending, besides a great crowd of Turks, who evince the keenest interest in the racing. This year the meeting took place on April 18 and 19, in glorious weather, a crowd of some fifteen thousand persons being assembled on the course. Mr. Melton Prior (the special artist of the *Illustrated London News*) attended the races last year on his way to the Greek and Turkish War. He was entertained at the stewards' lunch, when his health was toasted, and cheers were given for the *Illustrated London News*.

On the day of the Grand Prix, Paris upheaves like a billow of the sea and precipitates itself in a single direction. Onemind possesses the world, the buyer and the seller, the Semite and the Anti-Semite; even—O miracle!—the cocher and the bicyclist, the lion and the lamb, agree on this day to run side by side. Those that count their income in sous go by the trains that run out six and eight abreast; those more fortunate go by the drive-way of the Champs-Élysées; it matters little: all roads meet to-day in the heart of the Bois—once scene of pious pilgrimage, now centre of frivolity—at the famous Longchamps course. At the gate is an indescribable tumult, of landaus, of coupés, of victorias, of brakes; of Russian trappings conducted by Moujiks; of gorgeous stage-coaches

with postilions in yellow and gold; of black and silver trappings, discreetly correct; of magnificent trappings, with cocher and valet got up like idols, *à l'anglais*; bearing jockeys, bearing gentlemen, bearing princesses authentic and princesses improvised, come to see the horses, come to see the toilettes, come to see the President of the Republic shake hands with the winner of the day; come, above all, to see and to be seen, and to be "in the swim" with the fashionable world.

It is a day of truce, but the truce has not always been kept. An actress from the house of Molière won the Prix last year, and neither the cult of Molière nor the success of the event sufficed to throw momentarily into the background suppositions regarding her private affairs and to procure for her the neutrality of the day. For the first time in history a President occupied himself with the moral opinions of a winner of the Turf, and, admonished, it is said, by a pull of the sleeve from his wife, omitted the traditional congratulations to the owner of the horse whose triumph all Paris acclaimed. A Rothschild is the

winner this year, and the hot anti-Jewish feeling seems to have been equal to the strain. I have not heard that even the new Anti-Semite Deputy, M. Drumont, objected to the handshake, any more than he did to the acceptance of the winnings abandoned by M. Rothschild to the poor. It appears it is only the women that never raise for each other the flag of truce. Possibly, though, M. Drumont may be getting ready to make his first interpellation on these facts.

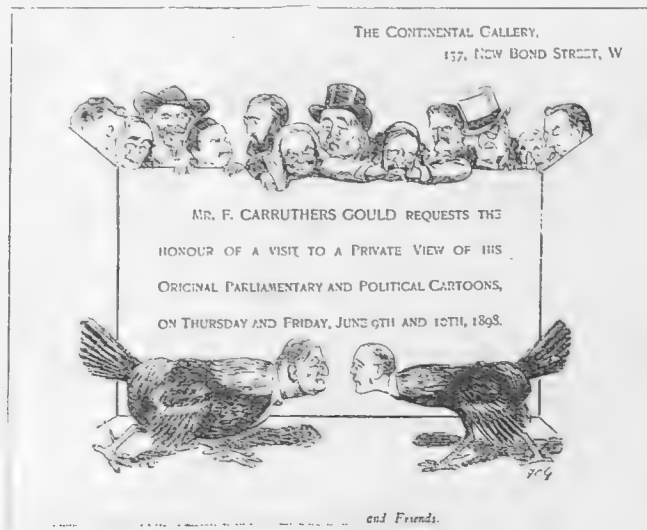


THE RACES AT SMYRNA.



THE SWEARING-IN OF PRESIDENT KRUGER.

Few members have left a more pleasant memory in the House of Commons than Mr. Robert Spencer, Lord Spencer's half-brother, who is opposing the Prime Minister's nephew, Mr. Evelyn Cecil, in the Hertford Division. A fight between a Cecil and a Spencer is very interesting. Each belongs to a noble house honourably associated with politics. In



the Hertford Division the Cecil influence is very strong, but "Bobby Spencer," as everyone calls the heir-presumptive to the Earldom of Spencer, has plenty of pluck. He endeared himself to Liberals by the courage and devotion with which he espoused Mr. Gladstone's cause when so many of the great families forsook the old leader at the time of the Home Rule split. Mr. Spencer was a favourite of Mr. Gladstone's, and he returned the affection with a fervour which politicians seldom show. The House of Commons used to take great delight in his collars; they were always higher than anybody else's. It was delightful also to see him in his State uniform as Vice-Chamberlain of the Household, and on one occasion, when he had brought up a message from the Queen, the Prince of Wales, who happened to be in the Gallery, was vastly amused by the neatness with which he made his backward paces. The contrast between the slight figure of Mr. Spencer and the tall form of his elder brother, the "red Earl," when they stood together in the Lobby, never failed to interest the spectators. Scarcely has the House laughed more heartily than when this slight, delicate-looking gentleman began a speech on a rural theme by saying "Mr. Speaker, Sir, I am not an agricultural labourer."

By the way, have you seen Mr. Gould's collection of cartoons at the New Bond Street Continental Gallery?

A correspondent writes—

In reference to Mr. Gladstone, I beg to suggest that, just as Gladstone was the foremost man of our century, so Wesley was the greatest force and influence of the last century, his life, from 1703 to 1791, practically covering it. Like Gladstone, he entered Christ Church, Oxford, and was also a fine classical scholar. Wesley's principal work was among the masses (he addressed more than twenty thousand at once), and in his endeavours to revive and establish their moral and religious life, he, more than any other man, paved the way for that "trust of the people" which became Gladstone's watchword. Surely he was the "G. O. M." of the eighteenth century, and it was a singular and pleasing coincidence that Gladstone and Wesley should have such an important place in your last issue.

Mr. R. B. Marston keeps pegging away at the question of a national food reserve. Two years ago the *Nineteenth Century* contained an



Reproduced by permission from the "*Nineteenth Century*."

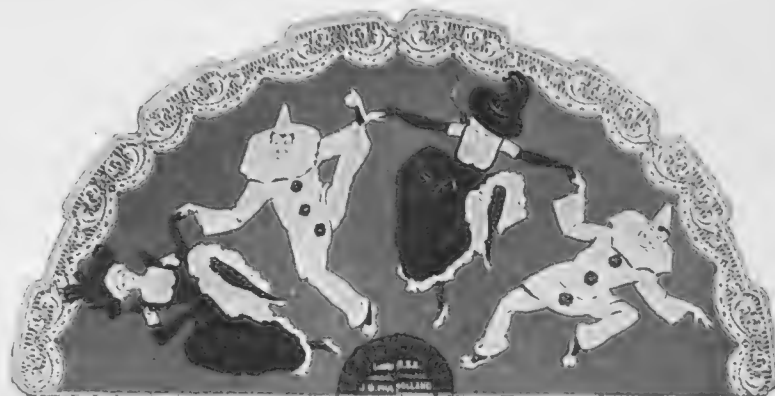
article by Mr. Marston on "Corn Stores for War Time," and he subsequently issued a volume dealing at greater length with the subject. He returns to the subject in this month's issue of the *Nineteenth Century*. It is an uphill battle that he has to fight. The country does not recognise any danger. "So long as we retain command of the sea," thinks the man in the street, "we will get plenty of wheat, and when we lose that command it will be all up with us, whether we have

a corn reserve or not." Economists scout the idea of having a reserve of twenty-five million quarters, and statesmen, amid the cheers of the House of Commons, declare the scheme to be inexpedient and impracticable. Only a few members of Parliament have taken it up. Mr. Yerbürgh's suggestion of national granaries is regarded by the majority as an amiable fad, like yellow waistcoats and purity of beer.

Mr. Marston holds a strong view of his own. What he wants is to remove from America and Russia the power to starve us into submission by withholding from us our daily bread. From these countries come seventeen out of the twenty-five millions of quarters of wheat forming our total import for one year. Mr. Marston has a picturesque way of stating his case. The diagram which I reproduce from the *Nineteenth Century* tells its own tale admirably. Meantime, I must refer you to Mr. Knowles' review for figures. The most exciting passage runs thus—

To give some idea of the magnitude of our annual import of wheat alone, it is only necessary to point out that, if the whole of the railway goods and passenger waggons in the United Kingdom (there are over 600,000 of them) were loaded with this foreign wheat, they would hold only about half of it, and our entire stock of railway locomotives (over 18,000) could only haul about half of it at once. Placed on a single line of rails, it would occupy over 3000 miles, and a train nearly equally long would be required for our annual foreign import of other grain.

It is not often that a man who serves the people well earns any gratitude for his services. Mr. Plimsoll had passed out of the immediate attention of the public for so long a time that I more than expected the regrets raised by his death to be limited to the newspapers. It is true to-day as it has ever been that we write men's virtues in water and their vices on brass. The philanthropist does not inspire the man in the street with the interest that is called for by the poisoner or very daring forger. I was, on this account, a very interested listener to a conversation raised by some seafaring men on board a Thames steambot by which I travelled from London Bridge to Greenwich. I do not know whether these seafarers were of high or low degree, whether they were pilots or in the merchant service. Suffice it to say they were five in



A THEATRE PROGRAMME THAT MAY BE USED AS A FAN.

Reproduced by permission of Mr. Mulholland, of the Theatre Metropole.

number, and that three had reefer-jackets tightly buttoned against the searching cold of a mid-winter day that had strayed into June. One had a halfpenny paper, and they all spoke of the late Mr. Plimsoll as "Plimmy." One remarked that "'e wer' a rare good 'un" and did "more than them papers knows about." Another had been many a time in "death ships," and had been twice wrecked. All agreed that things were better nowadays for people "who went down to the sea in ships."

Mr. J. B. Mulholland, of the Theatre Metropole, has hailed the belated summer by shaping his programmes so as to serve as folding fans. The price is one penny in all parts of the house, and, as more than double the average number have been sold since Whit-Monday, when they were first available, it is inferred they are secured quite as much in the nature of souvenirs as programmes.

An Englishman resident in Spain writes me—

The paragraph on page 217 of your number of June 1 on Madrid is extremely interesting from the number of inaccuracies which it contrives to include in so small a space. You say—(1) "The palaces of the grandees are dreadfully dilapidated." As a matter of fact, they are mainly new and handsome buildings, in an excellent state of repair.

(2) According to your version, "the nobles are poor," "the upper classes do not go in very largely for education," "they look upon Madrid as the centre of the universe, and very seldom leave their native land." The nobles as a class are rich, many enormously so, though there, of course, exist, even in Madrid, a certain number whose fortune is not commensurate with their rank. As a rule, the upper classes are educated in Paris or London, speak French and English with the greatest ease, and are as well informed as those of other nations. As to their looking on Madrid as the centre of the universe and seldom leaving the country, the more general complaint is that they spend an undue proportion of their time and money abroad, to the detriment of the former.

(3) You remark that "the city abounds in slums," and that "these slums are the happy hunting-ground of the ferocious mobs which are the bane of Madrid." Here again you are slightly in error. Far from abounding in slums, there are probably fewer slums, in proportion to its size, in Madrid than in any capital in the world, and, as to the ferocious mobs being the bane of Madrid, I can only assure you that no one who knows that city is aware of their existence.

The view of Spain and the Spaniards which appears to be held in England bears about as much resemblance to reality as the type of Englishman exhibited at a third-rate *café chantant* in France bears to the style of person usually met with in London, and, as a first step, it would not be amiss to realise that the Spanish peasant of to-day is not a lazy and ferocious savage, but a patient, law-abiding, hard-working good fellow.

The School Cadets from Rugby, Harrow, Bedford, Warwick, Haileybury, Highgate, Berkhamstead, and Uppingham have just been having a field-day on the extensive common adjoining Lord Brownlow's

The cow which acted as foster-mother to lambs and was pictured in *The Sketch* has a rival in Lancashire. A farmer in that county having lost a mare in foaling, having, no doubt, that picture in mind, introduced the young foal to a Jersey cow, and, after a little coaxing, the two took to one another in the kindest fashion. The cow is said to have grown proud of her foster-child, perhaps regarding him as a peculiarly well-grown and skittish calf.

The list of wild birds who are protected by the regulations of the London County Council from the assaults of boys and birdcatchers is a long one, and not a few, it is to be feared, are seldom or never met with in the area under the Council's control. Indeed, a statement has been hastily made that the only birds in London are sparrows and pigeons. At the present time, however, the much-frequented Hampstead Heath can number a moor-hen among its inhabitants. She has her nest hidden among the rushes of the Leg-of-Mutton Pond, at the lower end of the West Heath, and has lately hatched out a fine brood of twelve young birds. It is a pretty sight to see these tiny little creatures swimming about the pond and climbing up the banks.



SCHOOL CADETS' FIELD-DAY: AFTER THE BATTLE, WAITING FOR THE UMPIRE'S DECISION.

Photo by Newman, Berkhamstead.

estate, Ashridge, Hertfordshire. The four miles of furze-covered, undulating ground afforded them splendid opportunity for manœuvring under active service conditions. The force was divided; one half, styled the Greys, defended, while the other, named the Reds, attacked. A spirited battle ensued, in which the Reds, consisting largely of Rugby men, were successful, driving their opponents from point to point with unflagging energy. One result of the war is the forming of cadet corps in every school in the United States; these, like the army, are trying to make up for lost time by drilling every day. Here in the Old Country we have for some years possessed well-drilled, well-dressed School Cadets, who have an annual field-day with the Regulars at Aldershot, and who maintain their form by frequent rehearsals on some open space within reach of the principal schools.

A "thirty-years' resident" writes me to contradict the truth of the paragraph which appeared in these columns in our issue of June 1, respecting the dexterity with which a gaucho of the Pampas of Buenos Ayres can use his feet to throw a lasso or pick pockets. In the long period of residence he never saw or heard of such feats being performed with his feet. The gauchos are good horsemen, and, as it were, live on horseback, but are not fond of walking, and have naturally very small feet. The writer says he took part in a game of cricket some years ago in which "long field off" had a horse at his side on which to spring and gallop after the ball.

Pond, at the lower end of the West Heath, and has lately hatched out a fine brood of twelve young birds. It is a pretty sight to see these tiny little creatures swimming about the pond and climbing up the banks.



SCHOOL CADETS' FIELD-DAY: THE DISMISSAL.

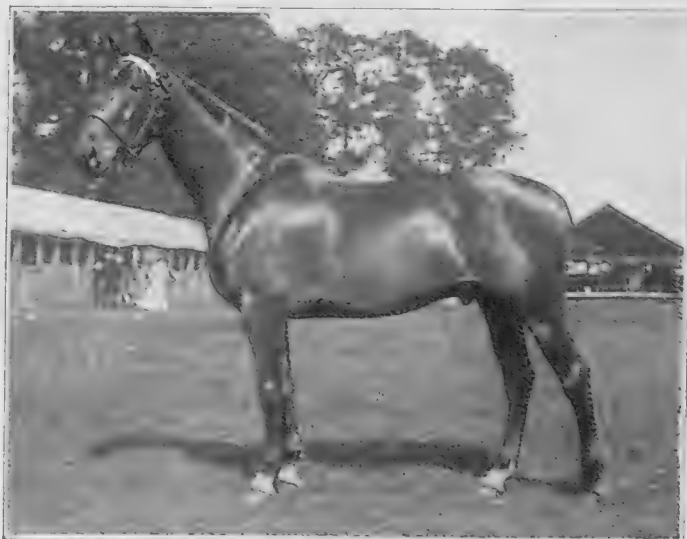
Photo by Newman, Berkhamstead.

It is strange how the social life of nearly every European capital is falling into decay. In the case of republics, this is, perhaps, not to be wondered at; but I am at a loss to explain how this can be true of St. Petersburg, where the Court makes every effort to maintain its



SIR J. BLUNDELL MAPLE'S SHIRE STALLION, PIONEER VII.

The show of the Royal Agricultural Counties Society at Portsmouth last week was a great success. The Prince of Wales exhibited sheep and cattle and horses. The Duchess of Newcastle had some fine Kerry cows. Everybody who is anybody in the cattle world was represented.



THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH'S HUNTER, LEICESTER.

brilliancy, and where there is no lack of money. But, after all, even in the most exclusive circles, trade cannot altogether be left out of account. And the trade of St. Petersburg is in a state of rapid decline. During the last few years it has fallen off no less than forty per cent.

A peculiar mistake has gone the round of the dailies with regard to the British reinforcements for the forthcoming advance on Khartoum, the Royal Warwickshire being mentioned as one of the new battalions to go to the front. As a matter of fact, the Warwicks are already at the front, and formed part of the British brigade at Athara. The new British brigade will be composed of the 1st Grenadier Guards, the 2nd Rifle Brigade, the 1st Northumberland Fusiliers, and the 2nd Lancashire Fusiliers, and, should nothing happen to again disappoint them, the 21st Lancers will have the long-wished-for opportunity to show the stuff they are made of. If all goes well, it is expected that our troops will be in Khartoum by the beginning of September.

The subject of recruiting for Scottish regiments still attracts much attention. Statements to the contrary notwithstanding, it is certain that the Highland regiments find it extremely difficult to fill the ranks with native recruits. It is said that they are rapidly losing their distinctive nationality, though not their *esprit de corps*. The feather bonnet is said to foster that. If this be correct, it is a strong argument in favour of more attractive uniforms for the English regiments. By the way, why is it that so many Scots join the Royal Horse Guards (the "Blues")? The "Blues" are almost as much a Scottish regiment as the famous "Greys."

How bloodthirsty some military amateurs are! Here is one of them in a magazine telling the soldier that when his enemy is in retreat he must "aim at the base of the spine." That may be a useful hint in action, but why add that the soldier who neglects to kill somebody is a fraud upon his country and "a foe to society"? The gunnery of the Spaniards at Manila was so bad that not a single man in Admiral Dewey's fleet was killed. Were the Spaniards who burnt so much powder in vain, and

went down with their ships;—frauds—and criminals? Is Tommy Atkins, when he comes out of a battle without the slightest idea whether he has killed anybody or not, to write himself down "as a foe to society"? All this panting for blood on paper seems to me a trifle ridiculous.

Lohengrin has not the monopoly of a swan boat. There is another at Exmouth belonging to Mrs. Cookson. It was built in 1861 for the late Captain Peacock, of Starcross, Devon, by Messrs. Dixon and Son, of Exmouth. Its dimensions are: Length, 18 ft.; depth, 7 ft. 6 in.; breadth, 7 ft.; height of neck, 17 ft. 6 in. It draws about fifteen inches of water, and is



A SWAN BOAT.

propelled by iron feet by means of a crank handle in the centre of boat. It is fitted inside with table and seats to accommodate sixteen people, and you may see it at Starcross.

A correspondent writes of an incident he witnessed the other morning at Hyde Park Corner. A very smartly turned-out dog-cart was being driven by a swell, faultlessly attired, with a groom riding on the back seat. When endeavouring to pass a 'bus, he collided with a coster's cart, and upset the vegetables into the road. The indignant coster rounded on the gentleman in choice Whitechapelese. The latter appealed to a 'bus-driver who had witnessed the accident. "It wasn't my fault, was it, driver?" The 'bus-driver replied, "No, sir; of course 'twasn't your fault, 'twas the fault of that fool of a coachman of yours allowing you to drive."

Every journalist will sympathise with Mr. Buckle, the editor of the *Times*, in the loss of his wife, who was a daughter of the late Mr. Payn. And readers all over the world will feel genuine sorrow for Mrs. Payn in her double bereavement.

Mr. Maurice Greiffenhagen and Mr. William Parkinson were responsible for some very charming scenery which, last week, formed appropriate settings to various scenes from "As You Like It" and "Romeo and Juliet," which were given in Mr. Parkinson's studio at Deerhurst, Coventry Park, Streatham, to an audience invited by the artist and Mrs. Parkinson. The performance may be regarded as a sort of "send off" of a society which has been formed to organise a series of entertainments to take place during next winter, when selections from Shakspeare, Browning, Shelley, and Wagner will be given in costume. The society has been lucky in securing the services of that refined and talented actress, Miss Alma Murray, for their initial performance, and her delightful comedy as Rosalind, as well as her passionate and well-nigh perfect

elocation as Juliet, was highly appreciated by the audience. Miss Murray was assisted by Mrs. Parkinson, Mr. Acton Bond, Mr. Harry Grattan, and other artists. Mrs. Greiffenhagen was responsible for the tasteful costumes, and Mr. Joseph Tapley and Miss Mary Burgess arranged the musical part of the entertainment, whose success will doubtless increase the membership of a society which has already secured the support of Mr. Onslow Ford, Miss Chris Hammond, Mr. E. T. Reed, Mr. Anning Bell, and other artistic and literary folks.

Miss Jenny Owen has been the chief hit in the new musical farce, "Bilberry of Tilbury," produced at Northampton the other day. Although Miss Owen has a Welsh name, she is, nevertheless, of mixed Scottish and Irish extraction. Miss Ellen Terry's brother, Charles, obtained for this young lady her first engagement, which was as principal danseuse at a pantomime in Bath. Afterwards, she went

MISS JENNY OWEN IN "BILBERRY OF TILBURY."
Photo by Bacon, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

into the provinces with Grace Hawthorne, appearing in such plays as "Theodora"; while it was her success as Nanine in "Camille" which gave her her present penchant for French parts. In the "Trip to Chinatown" she was the original Flirt, the pretty maid-servant; while her sprightly acting as "The French Maid" is known to all theatre-goers throughout the provinces. Miss Owen will soon be seen in London with "Bilberry of Tilbury," which, by all accounts, has proved a huge success. Her refrain-haunting song, "I want to make some money," is sure to be soon hummed and whistled in club and foyer.

Miss Annie Russell, who is scoring so conspicuously at the Garrick in "Dangerfield '95," and who appeared in the dramatisation of Bret Harte's story, "Sue," on Tuesday, is not American, for she was born in

Liverpool, while her father and mother are respectively of Irish and English nationality. Miss Russell has been on the boards since she was eight. As a child she played suitable parts in the children's "Pinafore" and also in "Rip Van Winkle." Her first adult part was as Esmeralda (the "Louisiana" of Mrs. Hodgson Burnett as dramatised by Mr. W. Gillette), a play which ran successfully for three hundred and fifty nights in New York. Her next appearance was as Elaine in Tennyson's dramatic poem, in which she won an artistic success in the Madison Square Theatre, also at Chicago and generally through the United States. Miss Russell obtained the greater part of her early experience in Mr. A. M. Palmer's stock company, which toured extensively through America. She gained golden opinions



MISS ANNIE RUSSELL AS SUE.

in "Le Monde s'ennuie" and many other leading plays. Then for three years illness made a blank in her professional career. On her return to the stage she was engaged by Mr. Charles Frohman.

George Melville Boynton—an American, of course—is walking round the world (distance, thirty-one thousand miles), without money for any purpose whatever. Starting-point, San Francisco, on Aug. 13, 1897; time, 9.30 a.m. In a suit of paper clothes, he means to accomplish the journey within five years. In case of his succeeding, three of his friends will pay over 50,000 dollars to charities in San Francisco. He will go through these countries in this order: United States of America, England, Ireland, Scotland, England (again), Portugal, Spain, France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Germany (again), Switzerland, Italy, Austria, Hungary, Austria (again), Italy (again), Greece, Turkey, all the Balkan States, European Russia, Asiatic Russia (Siberia), Japan, United States of America (again), the journey ending in Washington on Aug. 13, 1902, on which date he must dine with the next President.

The object of his task is to prove that the world is teeming with hospitality, that it is not essential to be favoured with the medium of exchange in order to elicit the necessities of life, that money is not the most potential thing, the superiority of man over colossal difficulties, that it is not impossible to walk round the world, and that such an undertaking can be accomplished minus the aid of "Uncle Sam's" gold certificates, and that he can gain a presentation to the chief executives of every country through which he must pass.

The music trade across the Atlantic has not been too prosperous of late, but one department of it at least has just been profiting by the outbreak of hostilities between the United States and Spain. The American Government has promptly ordered two thousand military drums for use on active service, and the makers of fifes and other instruments are also promised a brisk time of it. On such chance circumstances do the fates of different industries depend.

I had a particularly good opportunity the other morning of seeing how the jay conducts the egg-stealing raids for which his kind is notorious. Noticing a pair of these gaudy thieves hanging about a laurel hedge where there was a thrush's nest, I crept nearer to watch. Presently one of the jays flew off, as if it had business elsewhere, and its companion forthwith pounced down at the sitting thrush with a screech. The appearance of a jay was quite enough; the hen thrush left her nest and attacked the foe boldly, and in three seconds the cock thrush turned up from nowhere and came to help; between them they hustled and battled and scolded the bad, bold jay forty yards away from the precious nest. I began to think so weak-minded a robber had better confine himself to a worm and insect diet for the future, and was watching the thrushes' triumph with approval, when the other jay came sliding up and dropped upon the unguarded eggs without a moment's hesitation. Then I understood; but jay No. 2 was so quick about his share of the work that one egg was clean pierced and another broken before I could frighten him away.

I have seen in India very much the same "stealing by means of a trick," as the police reports say. One case always recurs to mind when bird knavery is under discussion. It was a little fox-terrier, and he was gnawing a bone on the verandah; to him entered a couple of the ever-watchful crows which haunt the abodes of men in the East, and alighted on the verandah-rail softly and unobtrusively as they who do bad by stealth and blush to find it fame. While the little fox-terrier looked up and snarled, those crows took counsel together; then one crow dropped on to the verandah floor and, stepping up to the dog's tail, gave it a cruel peck. Round came the fox-terrier with a swearing yelp, and down came crow No. 2 for the bone, which he had in safety on the roof before the bereaved one had ceased snapping at the other vagabond.



THIS MAN IS WALKING ROUND THE WORLD IN A SUIT OF PAPER CLOTHES.

"THE CLUB BABY," AT THE AVENUE THEATRE.

Photographs by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand



A baby having been left at the Club, the members nurse it in turn.



The members' wives get suspicious; that is why Mrs. Orgood (Miss Vane Featherston) cross-examines her husband (Mr. Sydney Brough).



And Florrie Larkins (Miss Beatrice Ferrar) feels hurt with her fiancé (Mr. W. T. Lovell).



Florrie declines to be put off by explanations.

"THE CLUB BABY," AT THE AVENUE THEATRE.

Photograph by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.



So Florrie and Mrs. Orgood go to the Club masquerading as a couple of country cousins, and Orgood fails to recognise them.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The world, as we are often told, knows nothing of its greatest men, which may be true, but is, in any case, incapable of proof. For, as it is the opinion of the world that practically settles the greatness of a man, and as that opinion must be founded on some knowledge, one does not well see how we are to gauge the greatness of the unknown or slightly known. Doubtless there are many men who, in more favouring circumstances, would have eclipsed those whom the world calls great. Many a potential Wellington or Napoleon has been laid low by a chance shot in some petty skirmish. Many a poet or artist must have been extinguished by being born into an average middle-class household. But, though many such cases must have happened, yet it is hard to say with confidence that any particular person who lacked opportunity was really a great man. Possibly he was like poor, respectable Galba, universally hailed as worthy of the throne—till he had to fill it. Nelson was nearly killed at Teneriffe, but many were killed there who were not Nelsons and never would have been.

But, if the world knows nothing of its greatest men, on the other hand it knows, or thinks it knows, a good deal about its great and half-great and important and semi-important men of the day; and it wants to know a good deal more. And to this appetite for small talk about great men the acknowledged master of the *genre*, the genial Tay Pay, inventor of "personal" Parliamentary reports, and of most of the facts therein recorded, has projected a journal to consist entirely of personal details—to be not about politics, but politicians.

Thus, the creator of this new terror pleasantly remarks, he will be writing history for the future. According to some cynical definitions of history, he will; but, in the view of the scientific historian, what he compiles will be biography, and bad biography at that. History is not concerned with the petty details in which all men's lives are largely alike, but with the essential differences of men, and the varying directions that these differences impress on political and social forces. A small fact may be important in history if it lets in light on a doubtful event or character, and helps us to explain what comes after it. But the worthy Tay Pay will be chronicling at random. Possibly the Dryasdust of the future, grubbing among the litter of his gossip, may extract some significant fact that explains an obscure negotiation or an ambiguous political movement; but even then Dryasdust will have to reflect that the detail, striking as it now seems to him, may be entirely inaccurate, unattested, and now unverifiable. It is to be feared that Mr. O'Connor's historical facts will be comparable to Gratiano's reasons for bulk and value.

But, for all that, the new journal will probably serve a useful purpose, though not, possibly, one intended by its founder. The morbid appetite for personal details in the daily life of celebrities cannot be checked by cutting down its food; but it may be extinguished by too abundant supplies. Nothing endeared Mr. Gladstone more to a certain section of his supporters than the lavish way in which absolutely unimportant facts concerning his daily life were supplied, apparently with his approval, to the Press; but nothing also did so much to arouse the contempt with which the deceased statesman was undoubtedly regarded by not a few men of ability. There was nothing in Mr. Gladstone's life that the whole world might not safely see; and at times it seemed as if there was nothing that the whole world was not allowed to see. We were told how many bites he took to a piece of meat, what he had for dinner, how long he read and wrote, and all the petty, pitiable trivialities dear to the servants' hall of journalism. The general and genuine burst of sympathy and regret from Tories as well as Liberals on the great orator's death was due very largely to the fact that his retirement had given a rest to the paragraphers and gushing friends, and that Gladstone was no longer a symbol for trashy "personal" items.

What Mr. Gladstone's injudicious backers and friends did for him during the latter part of his political life, the new journal and similar publications ought to do for those who allow themselves to be chronicled in its pages. For, if libel is to be excluded, it is obvious, in the present state of the law, that hardly any particulars can be furnished but such as are supplied or allowed to be supplied by the subjects of the descriptions. Therefore, the famous or would-be famous person whose private life is laid bare before us will, in most cases, have abetted the disclosures of the interviewer or reporter. This ought to beget two feelings in the minds of intelligent persons; first, a distrust of the accuracy of the details, seeing that they are furnished by one who has every inducement to distort them wilfully, and every likelihood of not seeing them in their true light, and, secondly, a contempt for a man who not only spreads his wares for sale, as all of us must, but eats, drinks, and sleeps in his shop-window, that those who come to gape may remain to buy. Already the interviewing system has created wide distrust.

And, the more personal details are inflicted on us, the more drearily uninteresting will they become. The private life of public men is generally free from excitement, and even humdrum. Were it not, they would soon be worn out. They give their best effort to the world; what they do at home is chiefly resting, and the precise details of a statesman's recreations are of very little more interest than the exact musical pitch of his snore. When this is understood, personal journalism will be at a discount, and Tay will cease to pay.

MARMITON.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton have published in a very handsome form the authorised edition of Mr. G. W. Cable's first novel, "The Grandissimes." Many people think that this is, on the whole, Mr. Cable's best and brightest story. There may be more beautiful passages in "Dr. Sevier," but the story is perhaps too much drawn out. Here there is more compression, more gaiety, more, in short, of the Creole atmosphere. Few more winsome figures have been drawn than those of Aurora and Clotilde. Mr. Barrie supplies a characteristic introduction beginning thus—

To sit in a laundry and read "The Grandissimes"—that is the quickest way of reaching the strange city of New Orleans. Once upon a time, however, I took the other route, drawn to the adventure by love of Mr. Cable's stories, and before I knew my way about the St. Charles Hotel (not, as Mr. Cable would explain, the St. Charles of "Dr. Sevier," but its successor), while the mosquitos and I were still looking at each other, before beginning, several delightful Creole ladies had called to warn me. Against what? Against believing Mr. Cable. They came singly; none knew of the visits of the others, but they had heard what brought me there; like ghosts they stole in and told their tale, and then like ghosts they stole away. The tale was that Mr. Cable misrepresented them; Creoles are not and never were "like that," especially the ladies. I sighed, or would have sighed had I not been so pleased. I said I supposed it must be so; no ladies in the flesh could be quite so delicious as the Creole ladies of Mr. Cable's imagination, which seemed to perplex them.

Mr. Cable's admirers will now look for a worthy edition of "Dr. Sevier," the only book of the author's that is practically inaccessible to English readers.

In his "Garland" Mr. Elkin Mathews has published a little collection of poems by an Indian. They cannot be called Indian poems. The writer evidently knows English life intimately; has fed himself on English poetry; probably one of our universities has given him some of his literary education; very likely he regrets our land—

Something remembering, I sigh
Beneath this glorious Indian sky.

Yet they are not English poems either, and their difference is just what gives them their interest. They are wonderfully eloquent, a little too eloquent to be strictly artistic. And, in spite of their effort to fashion themselves after our pattern, they escape from their models, they give rein to fervours and to imagery which have a true flavour of the East—

But to bring me sleep,
Day in purple ceased;
And for my fresh eyes
Rubies dropped the East.

There is something alien there, as there is in

She is the snowdrop of my youth,
She is the rose of my desire.

Mr. Ghose has an astonishing command over English, but he does not altogether possess it; and a critic is at a loss to know how far fluent inaccuracy, and how far Eastern conceptions, to which we cannot make response, may account for some passages that, judged hastily, seem very like nonsense. But there are times when true poetry is seen shining out clear and certain through the foreign or the imitation-English garb.

Miss Katharine Tynan's new volume, "The Wind in the Trees" (Grant Richards), is a book of nature poems, and is almost a complete calendar of the year. To my mind, Miss Tynan is best in her religious poems, next best in her love poems, and only third best when she sings of nature. But her third best is much above most people's best, and the new volume contains many delicious and sure touches of quiet observation. Some of the rhymes may be criticised. For example—

The grey mornings I well remember,
The grey mountains new-waked from slumber.

But, on the whole, the numbers are sweet and musical. Perhaps Miss Tynan speaks most truly in the verses called "The Foggy Dew"—

A splendid place is London, with golden store
For them that have the heart and hope and youth galore;
But mournful are its streets to me, I tell you true,
For I'm longing sore for Ireland in the foggy dew.

The sun he shines all day here, so fierce and fine,
With never a wisp of mist at all to dim his shine;
The sun he shines all day here from skies of blue,
He hides his face in Ireland in the foggy dew.

Mavrone! if I might feel now the dew on my face,
And the wind from the mountains in that remembered place,
I'd give the wealth of London, if mine it were to do,
And I'd travel home to Ireland and the foggy dew.

The author of "Unconsidered Trifles," George Dalziel (Elliot Stock), is best known as an artist in line, not the poetic line—yet, still, the poetic line of the engraver. His turn for verse-making is, however, already well known to a large circle of his friends, who will turn over with interest the pages of his recent considerable collection. Mr. Dalziel would probably disclaim any high poetic ambition, but he sings at times with some picturesqueness, if never with much originality of phrase. The sea, the country, social life, and the everyday maxim afford him an equally easy vehicle for rhyme.

o. o.

"THE CLUB BABY," AT THE AVENUE THEATRE.

Photographs by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.



Mrs. Law (Miss Susie Vaughan) puts up the women to visiting the Club.



This is Major Sidney, one of the Club members, on nursing duty.



The Club Baby (which turns out to be Mrs. Law's own child) is quite happy in the Club.

HOW THE MEDICINE WOMAN IS TRAINED.

In the neighbourhood of Brunswick Square are many streets that suggest to the passer-by a condition of senile decay. The houses are old, gaunt, neglected, and encrusted with an accumulated pile of London dirt; the sun seems to avoid them altogether; window ornaments have



THE NEW MEDICAL SCHOOL FOR WOMEN IN BLOOMSBURY.

a yellow tinge, and one looks round for spectral landladies or the ghosts of cats that followed the arts of love and war when Time was two generations younger. Among the byways of the district, Handel Street comes pleasantly upon the wayfarer, particularly if he has been searching for it a long time, partly because he has no farther to go, and partly because the grounds of the Foundling Hospital close by give the one touch of Nature that makes the neighbourhood pleasant.

The novelty, if not the fame, of the lady doctor took me to Handel Street and led me to knock at the portals of the Medical School. Somewhat to my surprise, a youth responded to my call—I had thought that mere males were forbidden to cross the threshold except under special permission. I have since found that man serves his purpose even at Handel Street. He may lecture now and again; in an inferior position he may clear up and clean the rooms or answer the door, and his highest utility is seen in the dissecting-room, where for once the ladies take a really affectionate interest in him. There they sit round him for hours, clad in blue aprons and armed with scalpels and note-books. When they have finished with him for the day, they recognise his propensities for strong liquor and put him in spirit till they want him again.

I had imagined that all women medical students who had been long at the work were over fifty, were always very cross, and wore blue spectacles and stockings to match. In short, I walked into the building with prejudices worthy an old-fashioned practitioner of half a century's standing, and it was left for Miss Douie, the Secretary of the School, to modify my views completely, a task which she accomplished unconsciously and easily in less time than it takes to set the facts down in writing. Miss Douie, who, as I have learned since my visit, has graduated in Arts and Medicine, has the history of the medical achievements of her sex "at her fingers' ends," by which I do not mean to infer that they are readily enumerated, but that the able Secretary of the School takes a very keen and intelligent interest in all things relating to the profession. My inquiries were searching. I wanted to know how lady doctors are accepted outside the four-mile radius, whether girls usually have nerve, pluck, and endurance sufficient to carry them through the long course of work, what their disabilities are, whether the School shelters any homœopaths, whether women are ever great at surgery, and what their grandmothers would think of their following such an "unladylike" profession. This last question I refrained from asking, but I would like the answer none the less. What would the dear old ladies who worked weird things in silk and worsted, in defiance of Art, who wore mittens and kept lap-dogs, have thought of these latter-day proceedings? Surely the gentle Aunt Tabithas of the early century would have been shocked beyond expression. Miss Douie put me out of suspense on all the points I raised. "Lady doctors are being recognised in all directions," she said cheerfully; "not only in India, where they are, of course, in great demand, but at home in London, and in the provinces. To give you an example, the School Board has just thrown open an appointment of Medical Inspector of the Girls' Department to a lady doctor, at a salary of two hundred and fifty a-year—as much as they pay the gentleman who looks after the other side. This equality of treatment is a very hopeful sign. It has been usual," she added, "to try and make women do men's work for smaller wages." (My thoughts suggested a trade union for women, but dismissed the idea on the ground that when women are in full medical practice they will be able to settle many old scores against the tyrant man.)

"Nerve and endurance are quite satisfactory," continued Miss Douie. "I have never seen a girl faint in the operating theatre, though male students often do in their early days. I do not know of any girl who has given up the work after beginning it, except in cases of ill-health—or marriage."

I stored up this last confession of human weakness with delight. I feared that the modern girl was quite lost to old-fashioned influences, and that, like Dr. Tregenna of Lyceum fame, she married Science and experimented on humanity.

"More girls take to medicine than surgery," continued the Secretary; "but the few who practise surgery seem to do well. Girls have some disabilities to contend with. In the great majority of the hospitals they would not be allowed to practise. Students here practise in the Royal Free Hospital, to which the school pays a regular annual subsidy. When they take their degree, they can't buy a practice, for they could not keep the goodwill, so they must make one. They will find all these things altered in a few years. At present we have about one hundred and seventy students, and we are moving from here in July to our new premises across the road, which the Princess of Wales has promised to open."

In days of old, when women with a thirst for knowledge knew little or nothing of "rights" or "rationals," one modest house sufficed them for a medical school. As they progressed, one became two, the two merged into three, and now the three private houses are giving place to a huge structure with "the best labs. in London"—I quote a lady student—electric light, and accommodation on a very large scale. Truth to tell, it lacks the cosiness of the present quarters, where the ceilings are low and shapely, and the rooms have cosy corners and a general look of antiquity that seems to justify the legend that the houses date from the reign of the third George. Certainly the students can have little to complain of in the old quarters except lack of room. In the new premises they are to have so many cubic feet of air apiece; if they were factory-girls they could not be better looked after. The old buildings are separated from the new by a ruined tennis-court that makes a pathetic effort not to look grimy, and bears up bravely against the predominant soot. At present it is not at its best, but is *en déshabille*, for builders and decorators, electricians and architects' assistants, have walked with heavy, careless feet across its once well-kept divisions, and scattered bricks and planks about it on all sides. Perhaps, when the new buildings are complete, the tennis-lawn will renew its youth, and flourish again as in the pristine state, an oasis of frivolity in the desert of scientific research.

Certainly the new buildings leave nothing to be desired—except the funds for their ultimate extension. A part has been completed, and will be opened next month by the Princess; but when some more money has been collected, the whole building will be finished. Subscriptions are being rapidly raised among the friends of the school. Within the new walls there is ample room for lectures to be delivered to seventy students at the time; the laboratories above referred to are very fine and correspondingly large, latest improvements reign supreme. Then there are apartments with ample room for bottled curiosities and monstrosities of all sorts, for serious collections of the funny things that provide part of the attractions in a dime museum, and apparently have some high scientific value as well. I won't describe them. In several of the new rooms I saw stray students bending over microscopes, but until we reached the dissecting-room there was no large crowd. Outside its door Miss Douie turned round. "Would you care to go inside?" she asked, adding persuasively, "It's the prettiest room of its kind in London." I nodded assent. I have been through native African hospitals, and seen dying lepers and victims of elephantiasis in Eastern cities, and sat through bull-fights where death has not come to bulls and horses alone, so I did not shrink from the dissecting-room. At the same time, it was not a pleasant sight from the layman's point of view, although the room is pretty, very light, and very airy.

S. L. B.



HOW LOVELY WOMAN TOILS IN A LABORATORY



But Guinevere lay late into the morn,
Lost in sweet dreams, and dreaming of her love
For Lancelot, and forgetful of the hunt;
But rose at last,

Jennyson.



LA PRIERE À BORD DU "TRIDENT."—BOURGAIN.
EXHIBITED IN THE PARIS SALON.

THE ART OF THE DAY.

Messrs. Frost and Reid, of Bristol, have just published one very handsome etching and one engraving, on a large scale, of two extremely interesting and attractive pictures. The first is titled "A Flower-fringed Path," and, etched by Mr. David Law, is painted by Mr. E. W. Waite. It is a scene with Corot-like trees, with a pathway between, along which children gather flowers. Mr. Law has, perhaps, taken less trouble to reproduce the simulation of paint, in which Mr. Hole so cleverly excels; but has preferred to translate the spirit of the picture into his medium, an ambition in which he excels admirably. It is an extremely handsome and impressive production, and the present issue is signed by both artist and etcher.

The second is a more solid, more sombre composition, reminding one in the reproduction a little of Constable; it is Mr. E. M. Wimperis's "A Wet Road," which has been engraved in mezzotint by Mr. Alfred Skrimshire. The signed artist's-proof impressions are limited to one hundred and fifty. The massing of the clouds is exceedingly fine, and the trees are gloomily collected in a fine expression of darkness.

saving exception of the leading firms such as Christie's, are liable, like angels, to be deceived. After all, if you stain ivory with oils to make it yellow, and heat it to produce the cracked appearance of age, and if you drill worm-holes into pieces of furniture, and reproduce the ravages of time in armour by the use of acids, and if, in addition to all this, you beg the auctioneer to "conceal the vendor's name," by an apparent principle of modesty, but really in order to hide the pedigree, what can the buyer expect? The remedy, according to this authority, is one which is doubtless unimpeachable, but it makes one smile a little involuntarily. "There is but one safeguard, and that is to purchase only from reputable persons and those who can give a clear history of the works they are selling." It is comforting, however, to know that there are very few old pieces of art china or furniture for which the provenance or history cannot be given.

After all, however, the amateur has his own point of view. There is no tendency so strong among men as that of self-deceit, and the desire to impose upon others. The amateur with a genuine passion for the



CAMILLE DESMOULINS.—W. DOUGLAS ALMOND, R.I.
EXHIBITED IN THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

[Copyright reserved.]

Reproduced in these columns is the picture by Mr. W. Douglas Almond, R.I., "Camille Desmoulins," exhibited at the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours. It is full of comedy, gravity, and tragic mirth. The composition is a little scattered, but in its episodes it is attractive and significant. "La Prière à Bord du *Trident*," also reproduced here, exhibited in the Paris Salon by Bourgain, is more in the manner of a photograph, but it is done with amazing cleverness. It is clean, clear-cut, accurate with a marvellous completeness, and in the central figure, surrounded by these pulleys, cranks, wheels, ladders, and all the rest of the naval paraphernalia, there is a certain quiet but irresistible pathos.

Mr. Asher Wertheimer, Mr. Sargent's hero of the present Academy, has been telling the *Daily Mail* that, next to the acquisition of rare works of art, an amateur is always on the look-out for a bargain, "and although I," said he, "who make a business of it, find this a very rare occurrence, the amateur is always hoping to pick up a priceless article for a mere song. Hence he is the more likely to be deceived." It is interesting to know that the gentlemen who are engaged in supplying amateurs with "good bargains" have in Paris one of their strongholds, and it appears that Hungary possesses a factory devoted to "the making of fairly good imitations of Dresden china."

The new fashion in miniatures, which "bobbed up serenely" two or three years ago, is responsible, of course, for more Cosways, Ingleharts, and Plimmers than these painters could have achieved in three lifetimes apiece. According to Mr. Wertheimer, even the auctioneers, with the

antique, and with money to indulge that passion, will, as a matter of course, make inquiry into the "provenance or history" of any valuable object of which he obtains possession, and he will rejoice in the security of his purchase. But the hundreds of people who desire to pose as possessors of the antique, and who, having little money to spend, delight in hoodwinking both themselves and other people into the idea that they have picked up incredible bargains. To them enter the dealers in faked goods, who are prepared to expend infinite pains over making their modern stuff look as respectably old as possible, and the contract is arranged to the satisfaction of all parties. The dealer winks at his customer; the customer winks back at the dealer, and the customer's friends are made green with envy to hear the story of the wondrous bargain—how a Spanish fourteenth-century crucifix was picked up for a five-pound note, or how a piece of armour worn at the Battle of Poitiers was bought for a dollar-piece. The devil is just as much on the side of the customer as on the side of the dealer.

The dealer and the customer
Were walking in the shade,
They wept to see so great a waste
Of ivory and jade;
"If this could be faked up," they said,
"Our fortunes would be made."
"For I should make and you would buy,"
The wily dealer cried;
"My friends would faint for jealousy,"
The customer replied.
"Agreed!" Thus spake these men of greed,
And Echo sighed "Agreed."

AUSTRALIAN BIRDS.

SNAKE-BIRD AND EGRETS.

When Buffon first examined a specimen of the "New Holland Darter," he remarked that it had the head of a snake grafted on the body of a bird; the great naturalist's comment was justification of the local name given it by the colonists, but the full measure of this bird's resemblance to a snake is apparent only when it is seen swimming in a state of alarm. It always swims deep in the water, like an overloaded boat; but, when frightened, it has the singular habit of sinking its body completely out of sight and swimming rapidly, with only the sinuous head and neck above the surface. Under these conditions anyone might mistake it for a water-snake rearing itself up to look ahead. The snake-bird takes a high place among avine athletes in the water; no bird excels it in swiftness of swimming and diving, nor in the latter art as regards ability to stay under. Somewhat curiously, considering its powers of natation and the ease with which it can, when in the water, escape any foe, the snake-bird swimming is more wary and suspicious of man than it is when perched on some naked bough. In the latter situation it seems to think itself perfectly safe, and is easily shot by the collector. India, Africa, and America have their



SNAKE-BIRD, OR DARTER.

own snake-birds, all much alike. There is an example of the Indian Darter in the fish-house at the "Zoo," which at feeding-time gives exhibitions of diving in its tank, for the edification of the interested visitor.

Much commoner than the snake-bird in similar haunts are the egrets, herons, and ibises with which the country is so richly endowed. Australia has but one true crane, but, in atonement, that is a magnificent bird, standing four feet high. The Australian Egret, however, is but little smaller, and, by reason of its snow-white plumage, is far more conspicuous. In the breeding season both male and female develop the long ornamental plumes on the back which work the undoing of so many allied species within the ken of feather-merchants' collectors. The Australian Egret has a smaller relation, known as the Plumed Egret, which is equally graceful; this latter bird, in the breeding season, grows a long spray of feathers on the breast. Nearly all the waders—ibises, spoonbills, egrets, herons, and cranes—are very shy and distrustful; solitary in habit at all periods of the year, save at the breeding season, when they assemble in

colonies to nest in the least-frequented localities accessible. The Australian Crane is easily tamed, but it does not appear that the egrets are equally amenable.



EGRETS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILSON, ABERDEEN.

HERRICK'S VICARAGE, DEAN PRIOR.

Varied are the recollections of their former inmates which some of our old parsonage houses recall. As Boscombe Vicarage is linked with the name of a scholar, and Hadleigh with that of a martyr, so Dean Prior



THE CHURCH AT DEAN PRIOR WHERE HERRICK WAS VICAR.

Vicarage is associated with memories of a poet. Here, for some thirty years altogether, resided Robert Herrick, the sweet seventeenth century of rural pleasures, superstitions, customs, traditions—

Of brooks, of blossoms, birds and bowers;
Of April, May, of June, and July flowers;
Of May-poles, hock-carts, wassails, wakes;
Of bridegrooms, brides, and of their wedding cakes.

How roses first came red, and lilies white,
Of groves, of twilight.

Never has country life been more graphically (and more lovingly) depicted than by the poet who once professed so decided a preference for residence in town.

Herrick was born in 1591, his father being a goldsmith in Cheapside. He had "rich relations and many of them," and, though originally apprenticed to his father's calling, soon relinquished the pursuit of trade, and entered St. John's College, Cambridge, where he graduated in 1620. Nine years later Herrick took orders, and was presented by Charles I. to the living of Dean Prior. Though the Vicarage has been partially modernised and added to, the main structure is the same as in the days when Herrick wrote his "Hesperides" within its walls.

At first the newly-inducted parson appears to have missed the intellectual life and society of the Metropolis (where he had associated with Ben Jonson and other "choice spirits"), for, in some of his verses, Herrick roundly abuses "dull Devonshire," "where I have been, and still am sad," and alludes to some of his flock as "currish savages." But these were but passing ebullitions of spleen—the love of country pursuits, of flowers, of rustic pastimes, is as strongly marked in Herrick's pages as in those of Shakspeare, and when, eighteen years after his "banishment to the West," the poet was compelled to relinquish his cure (being "deprived" in 1647 by the Parliamentarians), he appears to have quitted his rural parish with much regret, and to have gladly returned to it (at the age of seventy-one) when, in 1662, John Symes, the "intruded vicar," was, in his turn, ejected.

Herrick himself confesses that it was in the quiet of his rural parsonage that all his "most ennobled numbers" were indited; and there is no record of his composing any poems during his residence in London after his deprivation, both the "Hesperides" and "Noble Numbers" being written during the first eighteen years of his residence at Dean Prior and published in 1647-48.

Many of Herrick's lyrics are still familiar "popular songs" in the present day. "Cherry Ripe" is well known. "Daffodils," "Night Piece to Julia," "Corinna going a-Maying," "Delight in Disorder," figure in most collections of verse.

Not once, but again and again, does Herrick virtually recant his first outburst of abuse of "dull

Devonshire" in his later praises of the "sweet country life" to which he was ready enough to return when opportunity offered. Many of the village customs and superstitions described by the seventeenth-century poet linger yet in the conservative West Country. Belief in the existence of the fairies (or pixies) is by no means exploded; and in Devonian villages, on occasions of public rejoicings (as in the Jubilee years), the passer-by may still

Mark
How each field turns a street, each street a park,
Made green and trimmed with leaves; see how
Devotion gives each house a bough,
Or branch; each porch, each door, ere this,
An ark, a tabernacle is,
Made up of whitethorn neatly wove.

Like other writers of his day, Herrick has penned some verses which are scarcely suitable for "family perusal"; verses which their author himself has described in his "Noble Numbers" as

These, my unbaptized rhymes,
Writ in my wild unhallowed times.

But, as has been justly remarked, how comparatively seldom does Herrick "play upon what is now forbidden ground," and how little is taken from his works when such lines or verses are omitted. Chaucer, in like circumstances, bids the reader who "mislikes" similar allusions "turn over leaf and choose another tale," justly claiming that "in this my book" the peruser shall always—

Find enow . . .
Of storial thing that toucheth gentillesse,
And eke moralitie, and holiness.

Herrick might set up a similar plea; and, as regards what may appear to modern readers as the coarse jesting of some of his epigrams, it must be remembered that the seventeenth-century standard of good taste was not that of the nineteenth. In one of Herrick's most devotional pieces he makes use of allusions

and expressions which would never be permitted to a modern sacred writer, but which the poet certainly only intended in a devotional and reverential spirit. "Autre temps, autres moeurs."

Herrick never married, but appears, like many another bachelor housekeeper, to have been made extremely comfortable by a faithful maid-servant (the "Prue" so often mentioned in his verses), who—

Didst with my fates abide
As well the winter, as the summer's tide.

The poet found congenial society at the house of his near neighbour, Sir Edward Giles, M.P. for Totnes, "an old English gentleman . . . who gave to Cæsar the things that were Cæsar's, and to the country the things that were the country's."

Tradition represents Herrick as beloved among his village flock. Some eighty years ago, a very aged woman, resident at Dean Prior, was wont to repeat, as what she called her "night prayers," Herrick's beautiful "Litany to the Holy Spirit." This woman could neither read nor write, but had learnt the verses from the lips of her mother, who, in turn, had received them by oral tradition from her own parent (once a servant of Herrick's Vicarage), "and thus the verses had lived through nearly two centuries upon the lips of three unlettered women."

The poet died at Dean Prior in 1633, having attained the ripe age of eighty-three. Dean Prior Church, of which a photograph is given, has not been greatly altered since Herrick's days.

LUCY HARDY.



THE VICARAGE WHERE HERRICK LIVED.

THIS LOOKS LIKE A PICNIC.

(IT IS REALLY THE AMERICAN TROOPS READY TO FIGHT SPAIN.)



SERVING OUT DINNER AT CAMP BLACK.



THE FOURTH REGIMENT JUST ARRIVED AT CAMP BLACK.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BYRON, NEW YORK.

THIS LOOKS LIKE A PICNIC.

IT IS REALLY THE AMERICAN TROOPS READY TO FIGHT SPAIN.



A COMMISSARIAT TRAIN.



GENERAL ROE AND HIS STAFF.
PHOTOGRAPHS BY BYRON, NEW YORK.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

MISS FORBES-ROBERTSON'S LATEST NOVEL.*

Under the title of "The Potentate," Miss Frances Forbes-Robertson has given to the world "a romance" which is worthy of the name, and has proved herself a writer by no means to be numbered of the tribe of weak romanticists whom Joubert so aptly described as having imagination but no learning, wings but no feet. Miss Robertson's feet are, indeed, so firmly planted on the ground of reality that she has already hoisted one, at least, of her critics with his own "authorities" by producing facts as witnesses to a more than intuitive knowledge of her subject; but the course was hardly necessary, for "The Potentate" is a romance with a historical background, not a historical novel. It is by innumerable fine touches, betokening the true artist, rather than by archaeological detail that Miss Forbes-Robertson endows her canvas with its glowing

conventions of portraiture in semi-historical fiction that it is more than probable that Miss Forbes-Robertson's characters will strike the majority of her readers as too modern in type—but that way, surely, lies the author's secret of success. Human nature has not greatly changed in the course of the world's history, and the past is not a dead, archaic thing unless we make it so. The author of "The Potentate" has severed herself from the manufacturers of romance by avoiding their too common confusion of the jewel with its setting. Her setting is old, but her stone is that changeless thing which is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.

Miss Forbes-Robertson's book is aptly titled, nay inevitably, for the Potentate who so strongly sways the destinies of the vaguely indicated Italian dukedom of Bresali is the dominant figure of the story from the first moment of his appearance on the scene in his gilded coach, mantled



MISS FRANCES FORBES-ROBERTSON.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

Renaissance colours; hence there is no need to catch her tripping over inconsistencies of detail such as have been laid to the charge of even the gifted author of "John Inglesant." It is, by the way, of Mr. Shorthouse's fine romance that "The Potentate" primarily reminds one, yet without offence. Subject and scheme are, indeed, widely different, and the resemblance between the two books lies merely in their cunning effect of "atmosphere." If the author of "The Potentate" has a master, it is certainly not Mr. Shorthouse, but Walter Pater. Her style is often strikingly like that of "Marius the Epicurean." Not infrequently it has the same beauty, and often, too, the same tendency to preciousness, the same cold aloofness, as it were, of an authorship that stands apart to contemplate with pride each sentence lying finished in its sculptured shroud. But the style of "The Potentate" is by no means cold, for all its chiselling and polish. Life flushes through the marble, and the quality which sets Miss Forbes-Robertson's work high above other "romances" of the same sort is its rich and vivid humanity. It is not a merely clever and finely written study of life under the influences of the Italian Renaissance, peopled with a few puppets costumed with minutest accuracy, talking in impossible archaisms and typifying a passion, or a cruelty, or an intellect, "that never were on sea or land." We are nowadays so accustomed to certain

in crimson caparisons, "his eyes deliberately turned to the ramparts" (where hung the heads of good men mis-called traitors) "with a momentary smile of triumph . . . his pallid face, artificially whitened under the straight, straw-coloured hair hanging lank on either side, his scarlet lips exaggerating the mask of a painted effigy animated to sudden life for some malevolent purpose." From this moment Cosmo, Duke of Bresali, is a real being for us, real as though we, too, had been in the crowd which spat on the ground at his cruel tyranny even while it adored his splendour and his magnificence. The hero, Everard Val Dernement, must yield place to Cosmo, in interest as in rank. It is the portrait of the libertine Duke that proves Miss Forbes-Robertson a literary artist of whom still finer work may be confidently expected. As already implied, the atmosphere of the whole book is created and maintained by a skilled art which never becomes obtrusive. The luxury, the cruelty, the coarseness, the slow but poignant intellectuality, the philosophical virtues and the "strange and beautiful" sins of the Renaissance—how and where did the author learn to weave them so cunningly into her narrative? Under such a mantle one might fear to find no body, but "The Potentate" has a thrilling story in addition to the merits of its literary form—a story one has not to search for in a forest of fine writing, but a straightforward narrative of steadily growing interest, which should find favour even for those who reckon not of Renaissance setting and Epicurean style.

* "The Potentate." By Frances Forbes-Robertson. London: Archibald Constable and Co.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF H.M.S. "STING."

A PIRATICAL YARN.

BY C. W. MASON.

Every year a certain number of vessels are reported as totally lost—they have "disappeared." Typhoons, leaks, capsizes are presumably the cause, for pirates have gone out of date. A good many years ago, a gunboat of her Majesty's Navy was thus lost, and nothing has been heard of her since; and yet the following strange yarn was told me the other night at the Brigands' Club. I do not vouch for its authenticity; the Brigands have no mean repute in the matter of imagination, and their hospitality is exhilarating. None the less, the tale is ominously suggestive.

Mr. Smith is a wealthy and respectable merchant in the Archipelago trade; he possesses a fast steam-yacht called the *Vampire*, and an island called—but on this my informant was silent. My informant, so he said, was a guest on board the *Vampire*.

The *Vampire*, presumably in the course of trade, had had occasion to throw a torpedo into the mail-steamer *Kwongshoo*, after relieving it of an item of a quarter of a million dollars in specie and a few passengers' sundries; this was between Aden and Colombo, and she had then, after touching at Point de Galle for correspondence, pursued a south-easterly course through the Straits of Sunda. After business of the above description, it was an idiosyncrasy of its owner, the polite and amiable Mr. Smith, to indulge in little transformation scenes or lightning shifts in the matter of the yacht's rig. The *Vampire* that had spoken the *Kwongshoo* had been a black steam-yacht with one funnel and two bare masts, a raised poop and forecastle, a perpendicular stem, and a speed of eighteen knots an hour; but the morning following it was a four-masted, schooner-rigged, sailing-yacht, with flush deck, slanting forefoot and bowsprit, and uniformly painted white. Mr. Smith, in pointing out a circular hatchway that concealed the telescopic funnel, and the strong hinges by which the bulwarks, sloping outwards and painted black inside, were lowered when occasion required, said to my informant, with his charming, melancholy smile—

"You see, we have some distance to go, and coal must be economised. If you go forward you will remark that we have really changed yachts during the night. Deception?—Oh no! there is no deception. I should consider disguise a decidedly reprehensible and suspicious proceeding; we are now on board the *Titwillow*." Being asked why he was at so much trouble to lower the funnel, haul up the bulwarks, and remove the fictitious poop—proceedings that scarcely seemed necessary to economise coal—he had replied, "We are a little pressed for time; and as I learnt at Galle that some anxiety was being felt about a steamer, called the *Kwongshoo*, that is overdue, and that instructions had been cabled to every gunboat on the station to look out for a black steam-yacht that had left Aden a few hours after the liner, it struck me as most expedient that we should avoid the delay of being spoken by every ship we pass. Agents—and relatives—are so inquisitive when a passenger-ship takes a trip to the port of Davy's Locker!"

The *Titwillow*, then, late *Vampire*, pursued the even tenor of its way under a snowy cloud of canvas, and a rippling, undulating motion, that averaged between six and ten knots, for a month; then, one morning, Mr. Smith's guests awoke to find themselves at anchor. They lay in a road about a mile broad, between the cliffs of an island on one side and several small knolls on the other, the latter appearing in perspective, so closely joined as completely to landlock the harbour; but, although it was obvious that they could only have found their way in at night by accurately charted lights, no lighthouses, nor, indeed, any signs of habitation whatever, could be discerned. The surrounding islets were all in the form of small hillocks, covered with dense foliage down to the water's edge; the irregular, rock-fringed front of the main island, rising here and there to wooded cliffs or sloping away in barren heather-grown chalk hills, appeared absolutely wild as well as absolutely solid. It was impossible to guess from the roadstead that any inlet or any enclosed harbour could exist behind that forbidding coast-line.

Mr. Smith, however, ordered the funnel to be erected and steam to be made on the yacht, apparently with the view of threading the more intricate entrances to his stronghold, when suddenly Courtney, the sailing-master of the schooner, exclaimed—

"Hullo, there's a signal!"

In fact, low down on one of the islets towards the entrance of the bay a white flag was seen waving furiously against the dark-green background, and flashes of vivid light, that showed how wide awake were the unseen occupants of the island, searched the ship to catch the eye of the watch. Captain Courtney waved a flag in answer, and summoned the yacht's signaller with his code-book. The heliograph continued to flash, and the signaller, dotting down the signs, handed the captain a slip of paper. The latter read it out slowly aloud—

"British gunboat approaching from south-west; two miles off, slowed down, using lead."

"Great heavens!" he muttered; "we are trapped." He hastened aft.

Mr. Smith came back with him slowly to the bridge. A close observer might have detected in his inscrutable ivory-yellow face the signs of a

sudden consternation, a moment of indecision and fear. The news had come on him at his most unguarded moment; he was surprised in his most secret retreat, the secrecy of which alone enabled him to carry on his nefarious double life of pirate and gentleman yachtsman.

"A British gunboat?" he said. "How long will it take her to get in?"

A few more flash signals were exchanged, and the captain replied, "About an hour, sir."

"How long before our steam is up?"

"Two hours, at least."

The pirate's officers and several of the crew had begun to gather on or under the bridge, anxiously watching their chief's face. A more critical danger could not be conceived. The yacht was at anchor; she was unarmoured, and virtually unarmed, all her enterprises being performed by boarding; there was no wind and no steam by which to escape; among the crew was a large contingent of Navy deserters newly crimped at Hong-Kong, who might think it safest to side with the man-of-war and so obtain pardon for their desertion; there were fifty or more able-bodied prisoners from the *Kwongshoo* on the lower deck; and the old hands, weary of a long cruise and looking forward to immediate furlough among the fleshpots of their island retreat, were just in that state which most inclines to insubordination or panic. Mr. Smith cast one mild glance at the anxious faces.

"Most opportune!" he murmured, with a complacent smile. Then he added, addressing Courtney, in an easy but penetrating voice that might be heard by the knot of sailors below—

"How very fortunate we appear to be this trip, my dear captain! We were in need of more guns and trained gunners for our forts, and here they are brought to our very door to save us the expense of purchasing them or the trouble of transporting them! Fortune evidently smiles on the brave. Much as I regret to cause annoyance to her Majesty, whose most devoted servants we all are, I fear that we shall be compelled to annex this item of her fleet; I hope it is not one that will be missed. Meanwhile, let off what steam you have, bank the fires, shut down the funnel, and lower the cutter to leeward with a picked boat's crew ready to start for the island in ten minutes. Place a guard over the prisoners, and inform them I shall be under the painful necessity of bayonetting the first man who raises his voice. Come to me as soon as you are ready for the cutter's orders; this is, perhaps, a triflingly delicate operation, and I shall therefore entrust it to you in person, my dear Jones," he said to his first officer.

These orders were promptly executed, and as soon as the officer had his instructions he leaped into the cutter, and was pulled with remarkable swiftness towards the shore; the boat, on approaching the cliff, seemed suddenly to vanish among the rocks.

Mr. Smith in person now took command of the yacht for the first time during its recent cruise; accompanied by three men with baskets of provisions and water, he first visited the prisoners. The three men were armed with spears and revolvers; politely inviting the prisoners to listen, he instructed these men to spear without hesitation anyone who made the slightest sound. As he left he turned and said to a tall, military-looking man who had offered some resistance at the capture of the mail-steamer, "Don't waste your life, General; I hope to have many a pleasant day with you ashore. A good soldier should always recognise when he is beaten." Sham bales were then brought and stacked up solidly inside the door, giving that part of the lower deck the appearance of a hold full of cargo.

Half the crew were now secreted in various hiding-places between decks, but in such positions that they could, at a signal, spring out of several concealed hatches, which were tested, disguised with caulking, and carelessly covered with light coils of rope. Of the remainder of the crew, most retired to their bunks in the fore-castle; the rest, English only, changed their suits for clean white uniform, with caps on the band of which was written "*Titwillow*," and distributed themselves carelessly about the forward decking to smoke and play cards like an honest and idle yacht's crew. They were, through the quartermasters, given their cue as to the answers they should make in conversation with the blue-jackets, to the effect that they had recently come from West Africa on an idle cruise through the Archipelago, their next destination being Sydney. All the officers, dressed as private gentlemen, sat out under the poop-awning in their long chairs, smoking, reading, and drinking with the languid boredom of fashionable travellers enjoying a lazy spell in the tropics. Everything on board now indicated an ordinary schooner-rigged sailing-yacht.

Soon after these preparations were finished, a bowsprit appeared between the green trees, followed by the clean white hull and masts of a small, square-rigged gunboat, feeling its way slowly and tentatively under quarter-steam. The effect was charming; the trim, dapper little warship, with its projecting gun-embrasures, its neat row of open portholes, its boats in the davits, its awnings and brass-work gleaming in the strong sunlight, officers on its bridge and white-clothed tars in its waist, a capstan crew ready on its fore-castle to drop anchor, all moved silently into view like a lantern-slide forcing its way through the trees. Those on the yacht could hear the mechanical call of the leadsman, the shrill, quavering pipe of the boatswain, and the rattle of the chain in the dead-eyes as the anchor was let go and the propeller backed churningly.

The gunboat, whose name, *Sting*, could be plainly read through the glasses, was anchored barely a quarter of a mile off; her two port guns, their black muzzles protruding from their shields with the grim strength of established law, completely commanded the yacht.

The customary signals having been interchanged, a four-oared gig, with two officers in the stern, put off from the *Sting*, and pulled alongside the already lowered gangway of the *Vampire*. It was lowered on the port side, out of view of the gunboat. The lieutenant and his sub. stepped aboard, handed their cards to the quartermaster, and were received with courteous dignity by Mr. Smith. He introduced them to his "friends," and offered them seats and cigars.

"A charming spot this, is it not, lieutenant? We had come to an anchor barely an hour before you."

"Do you happen to have fallen in with a two-masted steam-yacht, painted black?"

"Not in these waters; but I have a sort of recollection of passing one east of the Seychelles, going west. I remember noting the peculiar spiral red line on her funnel."

"By Jove, the very vessel! And going west, you say—probably for some den on the African coast? You did not observe her name?"

"I did, but it has slipped my memory. Something nightmarish, I fancy."

"The *Vampire*?"

"Ah, yes, the *Vampire*," replied Smith nonchalantly. "Friends of yours?"

"If I'm, well, we should be glad to fall in with her. Any news at Mauritius?"

"Some mail-steamer overdue somewhere, as usual: nothing striking. Oh, yes, there is news. The 42nd had received orders for the Capé. A little war on, I fancy."

"A mail overdue?" said the lieutenant, shrugging his shoulders at the idea of military movements being news. "That was unusual, was it not? Did you hear nothing more about it?"

"My dear sir, the movements of cargo-boats don't interest me."

"Then perhaps it won't surprise you to hear that the French mail-packet *Kwongshoo* has never been heard of since she left Aden."

"Really? Doesn't surprise me in the least."

"And that the *Vampire* was signalled at Aden the same day as the liner, sighted three days after by a homeward-bounder, and not reported since? What do you think of that, sir?"

"It looks grave," said Smith solemnly. "And so you are anxious to question the *Vampire*?"

"Exactly. We received a wire on this station three days ago to look around for her in these seas—merely to pick up information, of course. Is the water easy to get at here?"

"I don't know. We have not been ashore yet."

"I see one of your boats is missing from the davits."

"Yes; we got her smashed up in the surf at Zanzibar and have not been able to replace her. Have you a spare dinghy for sale on your vessel?"

"I believe we have. By-the-by, do you generally lower your gangway on the port side?"

"H'm, h'm, lieutenant! You Service men are such sticklers for red tape! I never do a thing according to code if I can help it."

"Ah! A charming yacht this of yours. May I have a look round?"

"With pleasure."

The critical moment had arrived. Smith followed his visitor round, and soon guided him to the saloon, where a charming lady was introduced to him. Time flew so rapidly in looking over the nicknacks of the cabin in this fascinating society that the lieutenant forgot his inspection till the time was passed for his return, and he was compelled to hurry off; and he invited the whole party, the lady especially included, to lunch with his captain at noon. The junior lieutenant also, who had been plentifully supplied with brandies-and-sodas and small talk, insisted on the yacht's officers lunching with him in the ward-room. The invitations were accepted. The visitors, or, perhaps we should say, the boarding-party, rowed back to their ship, and reported the yacht as a harmless pleasure-party, owned by a charming man and his wife.

As soon as the boat was out of hearing, Mr. Smith observed to Courtney that the gunboat had sent off a landing-party.

"Eight men and an officer, sir, in the cutter."

"Excellent. We shall go off at 11.45 in two boats. Select picked crews, serve out two revolvers and small crowbar per man, and send them aft to me."

Smith returned to his cabin and paced up and down in intense thought, until a dozen hardy men, with the bold, unscrupulous habit of daring stamped on their rugged features, entered and stood at attention.

"For inspection—show pistols!" said Smith mechanically.

Simultaneously and smartly each man held out a revolver in each hand, open at the breech, with a small iron club dangling from his left wrist. "Close—breeches; conceal—arms!" The weapons disappeared. Smith scrutinised them from the front and back to see that nothing protruded to attract attention, after which he gave their quartermasters brief but minute instructions, and compared their watches with his own. He handed them also a small flask, saying drily, "The watch on deck may want a drink—at 12.25 precisely. Now go and get your own pegs; but I wouldn't sample that liqueur if I were you." The devotion and complete confidence depicted on those leathery faces showed that the most desperate enterprise was considered as mere child's play when their chief led it in person; it was merely a matter of punctuality.

Punctually to the minute named the boats were manned, and the

visitors put off for the *Sting*. No one would have imagined, seeing the joyous energy with which they bent their strong arms to the oars, the laughing recklessness that sparkled irrepressibly in their eyes, the easy nonchalance of the officers, the cold severity of Smith, that this less than a score of men were bound on an undertaking from which they might expect never to return; that they were going to attempt the capture of an armed man-of-war, having a crew of over a hundred brave and disciplined bluejackets, commanded by officers prompt and resolute, who never flinched in their duty, whose legends made it impossible for them to surrender to any danger, least of all to common outlaws. And yet such was the influence of that stern, tranquil face, such the reliance on his oft-proved infallibility, that the desperate handful had not the slightest doubt of success. When Smith declared its capture, it was as good as won; they had only to take possession.

The visitors were received cordially by the captain and his officers, and with man-of-war punctuality descended almost immediately to the cabins. The *Sting* was a flush-decked boat, and the only approach to the officers' quarters was by a narrow, steep companion-ladder, which admitted one at a time. On the lower deck a narrow passage ran fore and aft; turning towards the stern, the officers' sleeping-bunks were on the right hand, and the galley and ward-room on the left. At the end of the passage was the captain's cabin, occupying the width of the stern. As they passed the rack opposite the foot of the ladder, containing rifles and revolvers all locked up and un-get-at-able, the aide looked at his chief. The latter could not restrain a smile at this naïve glance; he explained it by saying quickly, "What admirable order and precaution on your ship, captain! Proof against surprise, eh?"

The captain, flattered, ushered them into his cabin, and lunch was served. Meanwhile, the *Vampire's* boats' crews naturally came aboard, and mixed with the man-of-war's men, half of them joining them at their mess on the lower deck, and making themselves popular by producing hidden skins of powerful whisky. Shortly afterwards, the *Sting's* cutter was seen returning from the shore; the quartermaster reported it to the officer on duty, who was at tiffin in the ward-room, and no further attention was paid to it.

It so happened that the captain of the *Sting*, Commander O'Brien, had a sour and suspicious temper, with a particular fad of regarding every stranger as an enemy in disguise: he was called "Old Russia-scare," from the persistence with which he had followed out his instructions of watching the Russian gunboat *S—ch* in Chinese waters at a time when we were suspecting that country of bellicose designs. The conversation turned naturally on the affair of the *Kwongshoo*, and Smith talked of piracy with his usual ironic levity, when the commander said suddenly, the result, probably, of preconceived suspicions with regard to the yacht—

"You have the face of a pirate, sir. With that craft of yours, you might almost make a few amateur experiments in the line yourself." This was just on the half-hour, and Smith replied, "I do, sir."

There was something in the inscrutable face of the pirate that seemed to take the jest out of the words, and made his own followers tremble with expectation. The captain, looking at him craftily under his shaggy eyebrows, suddenly pushed his chair back and drew a pistol from his pocket in mock alarm. At this Smith put off his attempt for a few moments until he should have replaced the weapon, when a shot rang out in the contiguous ward-room in terrible confirmation. The fall of a heavy body followed; then a rush of feet on deck.

The captain of the *Sting*, in a moment, had up the trap-door of the powder-magazine under his chair and pointed his pistol into it. "Make a single movement, sir," he said, "and I blow you all to hell."

Smith, without changing a muscle of his face, continued eating.

"Be reasonable, my dear captain," he then said. "I would gladly accompany you to the region you mention, but it is scarcely fair on this pretty little ship of yours, and your crew which is at this moment locked in the fo'c'sle. Besides, as I bribed one of the gunners to cover the ammunition with ballast, I doubt if you would strike powder."

This was a pure bluff, and it just hit the mark. The captain had that very morning sent the chief gunner down into the hold to shift stores, and his very caution made him credit the preposterous yarn. He himself was also only bluffing.

A long, piercing whistle sounded on deck, and was answered faintly from the island. Smith continued in dulcet tones, "My men now command all the hatches; I have a sixty-five pounder trained on you from the cliff at point-blank range that will blow you and your ship to perdition vastly more expeditiously than your pistol-bullet. Won't you come on deck, captain?"

The captain slammed down the trap-door and threw away his pistol. They went on deck; fifty pirates were ranged across it, armed with spears and revolvers. They wore turbans, on the front of which glittered a large brass V.

"V?" said the captain. "What nationality is that, sir?"

"*Vampires*, my dear friend," replied Mr. Smith.

"It appears that my vessel is in the hands of pirates," said the captain.

"Slack discipline, slack discipline, sir," replied Mr. Smith, shaking his head. "If your officer of the watch had just taken the trouble to come up on deck and examine your returning cutter with a glass this lamentable result might not have occurred. It appears that your boat's crew were so enamoured of my island that they let my men bring it back, and are probably now carousing on shore. Look, too, at your watch, your gangway marine. Drunk, sir—dead drunk! What is the Navy coming to?"

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



THE DANGERS OF A HASTY TOILET.

FIREMAN : You're safe now. Not hurt anywhere, are you ?

RESCUED PARTY : No, no ; Ah'm no hurt, Ah'm no hurt. (*Catches sight of his nether garments*) Eh, mon, but Ah've gotten a rare twist.

KILLARNEY CICERONES.

At Killarney the other day the invariable answer we got from guides, boatmen, carmen, and hotel-keepers to our question, who were the most popular visitors? was "The English." European foreigners were in every sense a negligible quantity. American visitors were numerous and generous, but perfunctory and cursory, caring only to "do" the greatest possible number of sights in the least possible time; but the English tourist was at once free-handed and appreciative, sparing neither expense nor time to linger over the loveliest scenery. This more than made up to the "aborigines" for the English way of regarding them as Gulliver regarded the Lilliputians, as droll creatures well worth stooping down to study.

The premeditated fun of their stories was far from brilliant, but some of their impromptu remarks and retorts were sufficiently happy. One carman, speaking to us of some local magnate, said, "A lather of Hudson's soap had polished him up"—that is, he had recruited his crippled fortunes by an alliance with this famous firm. Another made this retort to the complaint of a Scotchman, who grumbled at the careful pace of his descent of a steep hill. "Do you think you are going to a funeral,

freedom of speech the most priest-ridden of their flocks allow themselves in discussing them, I may, perhaps, be pardoned for quoting the grotesquely humorous comment of a "vocheen," or devotee, upon a venerable and venerated dignitary. Seeing the aged Dean of her parish skipping with astonishing agility out of the way of a reckless jaunting-car, she said, in the hearing of a friend of mine, "Lord save us! Look at the ould Dane! skippin' about like a new-married flea!"

To return to our guides, philosophers, and friends—and some of our Killarney cicerones were all three—the one serious fault to be found with them was the oppressiveness of the information with which they loaded you. They seemed to think that everything in Killarney was peculiar to the place. They might perhaps be pardoned for regarding rain as a Killarney specialty, but surely not the sun, which they could hardly believe "had elsewhere its setting" than behind Mangerton. One of our carmen, Ned, who, confounding our denseness with deafness, roared the torrent of his information into our ear with the thunder of Niagara, shouted out to us with breathless emprosement: "Do you see thim two brown things there? Thim's rabbits!" I ventured to reply that I thought I had seen something like them once hanging up in the shop of a London poulterer, but that I had no doubt it came from Killarney.



INNISFALLEN, KILLARNEY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. LAWRENCE.

that you walk at this pace?" growled the Scotchman. "Faith, it's to a funeral you'd be going, yere honour, if I didn't go at this pace!" When a bridegroom of our party, who was obviously more than twice the age of his bride, remarked upon the striking difference in appearance between a salmon an old fisherman had just landed and one he had caught a short time before, the ancient mariner replied, with a sly glance and a twinkle of the eye, "Ay, begor! they're ill-matched, yere honour—an old wan and a young wan." This ancient mariner was a person of distinction, as having been of the crew who rowed the Queen on one of her angel visits to Ireland. They spoke respectfully of her Majesty, but regretted and resented her avoidance of Ireland from a purely business point of view alone. She was to them an admirable decoy-duck, and nothing more. If she had chosen to make Ireland the fashion, as she has made Scotland, the lean and hungry country would have been richly top-dressed yearly by the expenditure of a host of tourists. In the circumstantial account I got from a genial and intelligent boatman of the Duke of York's visit of a year ago, the place of honour was given to the Press-boat, which seems to have been generous in its expenditure on generous liquor, and to have been more absorbed by it than by royalty. "Sorra a much they bothered themselves about the Duke of York! Faix, it's swimmin' they were in champagne an' whisky, more power to them!" Indeed, the only subject which stirred the bile—but it stirred it to its depths—of this jolly waterman was the extortionate fees exacted by the clergy of his church for marriage. Talking of the clergy of the Catholic Church and the

In truth, if the English tourist seems to regard the natives as engaging children, the compliment is returned by the indigines. I was amused by a consultation I overheard at the foot of Ross Castle between boatmen as to the best means of making up for him the mind of an English visitor who doubted whether there was wind enough on the lake for successful trout-fishing. At last one of the senators, who was so far from being a Nestor that he was a mere lad and the youngest of the party, said, "Ah, sure, that's no good at all. What we must do is to saften him, an' begor! I'll do it." And he did. He approached the tourist, who was storming like a wild bull in a net about nothing whatever, and in a few minutes he led him to the boat "of his port as meke as is a mayde." I had not the good fortune to overhear the softening process, but it must have been diplomatic indeed to have stilled the storm so soon and smoothed on that angry brow "the raven down of darkness till it smiled." But the pleasant manners of these kind folk is not all finesse. Far from it. They are quicker to appreciate manner than money, and are very gentlemen to those that treat them with courtesy. I shall never forget the chivalrous farewell of a guide and a boatman to a lady of our party who had shown them kindly courtesy during the three short days of her stay. Having first bid her farewell at the railway station, they then ran along a field by the side of the line to wave to her their parting greetings. Their valedictory "May you soon come back!" found an echo in our hearts, for there is no place we have ever bid "Au revoir" to so sincerely as to Killarney.

RICHARD ASHIE KING

MR. T. P. O'CONNOR'S NEW PAPER.

To-morrow Mr. T. P. O'Connor's new weekly paper will make its first appearance. It has been christened *M. A. P.*—an obvious mnemonic for "Mainly About People."



MR. T. P. O'CONNOR.
Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

A representative of *The Sketch*, who called on Mr. O'Connor to learn what will be the scope and especial features of the new organ, writes—

"It will be absolutely unique in one respect," said Mr. O'Connor, in answer to my first question, "in that almost every line in it will be personal. The old style of journalism, which affected to treat people as algebraic equations, has changed. Modern developments have changed the so-called dignity of journalism, just as Macaulay killed the dignity of history."

"How?" I asked.

"Because Macaulay realised the importance of personality in history. And in his description of the famous 'Feast of Reason,' Mr. John Morley, a serious and lofty writer, has not omitted to tell us how Robespierre was dressed. People nowadays are keenly interested in the personal affairs of living celebrities—

just as interested as they are in those of the famous dead. To make a phrase, I want to treat history contemporaneously as it will be treated fifty years hence."

"But there are dangers in this method, are there not?"

"Not if one endeavours to preserve the canons of good taste. This is, of course, most important. Intimate personal criticism is not of necessity vulgar. There will be no scandal, but there will be descriptions, in every case well-meaning and well-informed, of people in whom the world takes interest, and, as regards public figures, this interest is perfectly legitimate."

"And politics?"

"There will be none. The characteristics of politicians will be discussed with absolute impartiality. Every week I shall give a pen-portrait of someone who for the moment is exceptionally prominent in the public eye. This will not be written from gossip or hearsay; it will be placed in the hands of a writer who has had exceptional opportunities of observing his subject from the inside."

"From what standpoint will you criticise the arts?"

"There will be no criticism in the accepted sense. But any incident that led to the painting of a certain picture by a certain artist will be deemed interesting, as also will be the methods, habits of composition, temperament of a creative musician. The career of the artist will be dealt with in preference to the appreciation of the accomplished development of his art. The rise and fall of fortunes in the world of finance will give interesting material which will make for proof of the secret of the success of some, the failure of others."

"I shall have correspondents in all parts of Europe, who will be on the look-out for personalities who are potentially eminent."

"Social matters will be well looked after, and *M. A. P.* will be largely a ladies' paper. The price is a penny, and the name of Messrs. Pearson, who are the publishers, is a guarantee of the excellence of the business arrangements."

Mr. O'Connor, the popular "T. P." of journalism, is keenly interested in his new venture, and will himself contribute much matter to its columns.

MY LADY'S GARDEN.

Oh, dainty garden-close,
Hedged with box and rose,
White with lilies tall and queenly fair!
Heap thy best for her,
Mignonette and myrrh,
Roses red to bind around her hair:

Blue forget-me-not
To be her bosom-knot;
Eyes of pansies yearning to her eyes;
Tender eglantine,
Poppy red as wine—
Which of all shall claim to win the prize?

Rose, nay, bow your head!
Pale, you poppy red!
Fairest rose is she that decks your bowers;
Proud as poppy bright,
Sweet as lily white—
My Lady still is Queen of all the Flowers!—A. C. C.

THE LAST OF STANLEY'S REAR-GUARD.

It is rare when Africa does not prove fatal to her European explorers. She almost invariably ends by killing them in one way or another, sooner or later, and the heartrending case of poor William Bonny, who now lies a shattered wreck of his former self in a ward of St. George's Infirmary, Fulham, is another painful example of the terrible effects of the pernicious climate of the Black Continent.

How many are the brave, adventuresome men who have met death in those equatorial latitudes in the gallant discharge of duty, who have bitten the dust in valorous efforts to surmount the tide of barbarism? How many have succumbed to sickness, to maddening sunstroke, to racking malaria? How many others, the peril over, the labour done, at home again on the more salubrious shores of Europe in search of recuperation, have suddenly met with a relapse, have been laid low in a moment, without the slightest warning, cut off in all the splendour of prosperity, in all the brightness of youth—like poor, lamented Sir Gerald Portal; or, else, have wasted away to the grave, after a lingering, gnawing illness, as is probably the destiny of poor Bonny—the last of Stanley's ill-fated rear-guard; and, indeed, almost the last of the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition, for, apart from Bonny, Stanley and Jephson are, I believe, the only remaining survivors?

The case of Bonny is particularly distressing, because travel and adventure, devotion and bravery, have brought him no wealth. It is as a common pauper in St. George's Union, Fulham, where I saw him only the other afternoon, propped up in bed in the check cotton night-shirt of the workhouse, that he is eking out the remainder of his days.

The record of his health since he has been back from Africa is bad enough to make the hardest heart bleed; thrice in Westminster Hospital for malaria fever, once for a painful operation. Then consumption developed, and Stanley, coming to the rescue, in a measure, sent him down to Torquay to see what good that would do him. But there was no improvement, and, returning to town early in January, he was admitted to St. George's Union, where practically he has been confined to his bed ever since. Some idea may be conceived of how he is wasting away when I point out that, in ordinary health being a man of 10 st. 10 lb., he now weighs no more than 6 st. 9 lb.

Mr. William Bonny is on the wrong side of fifty. He began life as coffee-planter in Brazil, but the loss of his brother, her Majesty's Vice-Consul at Para, with whom he was associated in business, having brought his efforts in that direction to an abrupt termination, he joined our Army Medical Staff Corps, and as a member of that force has seen a vast deal of service. After being quartered at almost every British military station outside of India, as far eastward as Hong-Kong, he came to England and volunteered for the Zulu and Basuto campaigns. He was present at the capture of Sekukuni's stronghold, and afterwards did duty in the North Transvaal. In 1882 he was in Egypt, and in 1885 at Suakim, under General Sir Gerald Graham.

When the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition was about to set out for Equatoria, Mr. Bonny purchased his discharge from the British Army to join Mr. Stanley at the modest monthly stipend of £20. He was one of the gentlemen serving under the lamented Major Barttelot, the head of that ill-fated rear-guard, beset with famine and mutiny in Starvation Camp, on the banks of the Aruwimi; and, when the gallant Major was cowardly murdered at Banalya, he assumed the command, and held it single-handed until Stanley came to relieve him, for in the meantime Jameson had died and Troup and Ward had gone home to lecture and write books. After that, Bonny marched across Africa to the Indian Ocean.

It was in the latter part of 1889, at a place called M'sua, in East Africa, that I first saw Bonny. I was then in command of the *New York Herald* Expedition, carrying up to Stanley the American flag and a quantity of comforts, both the gift of Mr. James Gordon Bennett. It was at M'sua that I had managed to intercept the party on their way down to Bagamoyo.

I remember sending off a £1000 telegram to the *Herald* on that occasion, and receiving a cool cheque for 10,000 dollars from Mr. Bennett for being the first to get the news home.

A mighty change has come over poor Bonny since those days. His eyes are sunken, his cheeks wear two deep hollows, his poor hands are mere skin and bone, his flesh is wax-like, he has a hacking, graveyard cough. He lies on the usual small iron bedstead in a beautiful, spacious, airy ward, attended by a bevy of pretty nurses in delicious pale-blue frocks. But he is not happy, and no wonder. It is to be hoped that the efforts which are being made to get him placed in a Nursing Home will prove successful. Contributions may be sent to Messrs. Cox and Co., Charing Cross. EDWARD VIZETELLY.



MR. W. BONNY.
Photo by the London Stereoscopic Co., Regent Street, W.



MISS FANNY WARD AS MRS. TUDWAY IN FANCY DRESS IN "LORD AND LADY ALGY,"
AT THE COMEDY THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

"LORD AND LADY ALGY," AT THE COMEDY THEATRE.

Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



This is the ball-room scene in the second act, where Lord Algy is suspected by her husband to be hanging after Mrs. Tudway (Miss Funny Ward).



The last act (in Lord Algy's rooms), where Lady Algy comes in and explains away the presence of Mrs. Tudway, who has really meant to elope with Algy's brother, the Marquis of Quarmby.

SENTINEL ST. HELENA.

It is rather to be wondered at that, when our opinion of the treatment of the wretched man Dreyfus is occasionally expressed very frankly on this side of the Channel, our neighbours do not retort with the obvious *tu quoque* of St. Helena for the Ile du Diable. Perhaps it is the

immense difference between the principal actors in the tragedies of these two lone islands that prevents the comparison coming home to the French mind with its full force, but we must needs admit that the years of seclusion on that mid-Atlantic rock must have meant far more to the conqueror of Europe than the like sentence to any lesser spirit. Yet the St. Helena of those days was far more attractive than that of to-day. It belonged to the great East India Company, and many a servant of the company who had shaken the Pagoda-tree to

some purpose stopped at the island on his way home and finally settled there for good. In the days when the overland route to India had not been dreamt of, and the Suez Canal was as yet an engineer's project, the traffic rounding the Cape touched there and ships coaled or took in water.

Nowadays it has dropped out of the beaten track of commerce, and the island is mostly visited in connection with the troops of the West African colonies, for which the excellent climate renders St. Helena a convenient station. Sometimes a sailing-vessel whose water has run short after a long calm, or "turned," looks in at the island for a new supply, but the economically disposed master finds it, as a rule, an expensive commodity,

fishing industry is as yet in a crude state, and awaits the attention of the French or some other enterprising people. Inland, too, much might be done to improve the agricultural conditions by planting trees and working up the resources of the place as those of Cyprus have

been. As yet we have been content to regard the island as a coaling-station or a prison. In recent times we have entertained there as unwilling guests the rebellious chiefs of Zululand, but they have been lately restored, for weal or woe, to their own place; perhaps the Zulu has changed his nature and the days of Chaka and Dingaan are over, or it may be that the enervating air of St. Helena has made these braves no longer objects of suspicion. St. Helena is usually described as "strongly fortified," but the accompanying photograph will



ST. HELENA.

show that the last home of the great master of artillery is little better off in that respect than most of our own sea-coast towns. Its comparative unimportance may secure it against attack, but, in the event of a great war, any coal-basis would have to be more seriously looked after. Its importance to us in time of peace is that it forms a stepping-off ground to the possessions along the coast, though, if the exile of Longwood were to cast his eyes on the West African map of to-day, he might not be displeased to see the British possessions, as a rule, shut in from the interior and confined to the river-basins on the coast. For the world at large, St. Helena must always have an interest, as having been, in its



THE FUNERAL PROCESSION OF NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA.

both in price and delay. The natives, however, make the most of the time in bartering ("Changee for changee" is the primitive phrase) or selling birds, Java sparrows, canaries, and affidavits to the simple sailor. They will also make a handsome bargain in fish for flesh, and a piece of salt meat commands a string of excellent mackerel, which (along with bonito and less-known varieties) are found in shoals off the coast. The

isolated obscurity, the safeguard during the years 1815-1821 of the peace of Europe. With one part of that continent the associations of St. Helena will always suggest a painful memory, though the saying is, perchance, little more than the expression of an old-world sentiment, that for three things France can never forgive England—for Joan of Arc, for Mary Stuart, and for the Island of St. Helena.

ROUND THE THEATRES.

The theatres have been lucky in having bad weather to keep people to town, but some changes have occurred. Thus, "The Dove-cot" has disappeared, while Mr. Edwardes has equalised his holding by introducing "A Greek Slave." "The French Maid," with the charming Miss Kate Cutler, remains almost the oldest piece in town. On Monday a new actress appeared in the person of Miss Stella Hazel, in the part of Viola in "Twelfth Night," at the Queen's Hall. Miss Hazel studied three years ago under Mr. Vezin, and has since been playing in Mr. Ben Greet's company. She makes a charming Viola, for she speaks clearly, and has a sense of humour.

London playgoers will be well pleased to see once more such a favourite as Miss Kate Vaughan, who has been too long absent from us. It may be that some would have been glad if she had chosen a work less difficult to present than "She Stoops to Conquer," for Goldsmith's brilliant comedy would tax the resources of any theatre in London, and so the chance of getting a passable performance from a scratch company was but small. However, one could expect with confidence that at least one part, and that the most important and difficult, would be played admirably, since Miss Kate Vaughan has already won the acceptance of critical playgoers as an actress of fine quality for the old comedies. It is not unlikely that her training as dancer—as dancer who has secured a splendid place in our stage history, although, by delaying too long her study of real drama, it may have prevented the full development of her gifts—has helped her by giving the grace



MISS STELLA HAZEL AS VIOLA IN "TWELFTH NIGHT."

Photo by Taber.

of movement essential in the old comedy. Too often, alas! have we seen a clever piece of patch-and-powder playing horribly marred by an ugly "carriage" of the body and ungainly gestures. In the case of Miss Vaughan, one has real grace of movement and also a remarkably nice, effective, and elegant set of gestures. All this would be naught unless accompanied by a sense of humour; but, if less boisterous in fun as Miss Harcastle than some we have seen in the part, she certainly plays it with true vivacity as well as charm, and with a very gratifying ease. Miss Zeffie Tilbury also did work of no mean excellence, and the rest of the company worked zealously, if hardly with brilliant success.

The real matinée season has set in at last, and it may be said that Mr. Thomas Bedding's play, "The Maternal Instinct," is the beginner of the crop. In his "new, original, and modern play," the first from his pen that I can remember, the author, with more courage than wisdom, has handled the question of an unhappy woman's love for her child. Cynthia's adventures in Malmesbury Hall, where her words suggest that she acts as decoy in a gaming-house, are not contrived in a fashion that shows a profound knowledge of the stage, while an intrigue connected with a somewhat puzzling League, to say nothing of her father-in-law, the Rev. Ambrose Knowles, was hardly effective.

A very successful concert was given last week at the Steinway Hall by Miss Maude Wagstaffe. The variety of her songs gave a good indication of her range.

Thus she went to Bemberg, Rubinstein, Blangini, Massenet, Lassen, Cowen, Yradier, Needham, and Thomé.

MR. WILLIAM GILLETTE IN "TOO MUCH JOHNSON," AT THE GARRICK.
Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.MISS KATE CUTLER IN "THE FRENCH MAID," AT THE VAUDEVILLE.
Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

THE ANGLO-AMERICAN BANQUET.

There cannot be a doubt but that the banquet given at the Hotel Cecil on June 3 was calculated to do a great deal of good in cementing an alliance between the two great English-speaking peoples. It is true that the speeches were not upon a very high oratorical level. "If you want to join the Nations, you must stifle their orations," was the epigram of a



Anglo-American Banquet

HOTEL CECIL,

Friday, June 3rd, 1898.

Chairman:

THE RIGHT HON. LORD COLERIDGE.

❖ PROGRAMME. ❖

Toast—"The Queen"

Toast—"The President of the United States"

THE CHAIRMAN

Toast—"Our Kin beyond the Sea"

Proposed by— THE LORD BISHOP OF RIPON	Responded to by— COLONEL TAYLOR
Supported by— THE RT HON LORD BRASSEY	(President of the American Society in London) and SIR GEORGE WILLIAM DES VŒUX G.C.B.

Toast—"The Old Country"

Proposed by— MR R. NEWTON CRANE	Responded to by— THE RT HON. EARL GREY
(Ex President of the American Society in London)	

Toast—"Our Common Language and Letters"

Proposed by— PROFESSOR A. V. DICEY, D.C.	Responded to by— MR. GEORGE WASHINGTON CABLE
---	---

Toast—"The Chairman"

Proposed by—
SIR FREDERICK POLLOCK, Bart.

humorist present. The United States are proud of their after-dinner speaking, but, unfortunately, Americans were not the most prominent factors in the speech-making at the Anglo-American banquet. That was just as well, no doubt, from the point of view of the efficacy of this banquet as illustrating English sympathy with the States, but perhaps it was unfortunate from the point of view of those who had to listen to speeches which were inordinately long and inordinately dull, although each speech, taken separately, had, of course, many points of merit. Colonel Taylor, indeed, who is President of the American Society in London, gave the best-delivered speech. As a representation, however, of English sentiment, no gathering could have been happier, more representative, or better-organised. Lord Coleridge, as chairman, represented a name honoured throughout the United States as well as Great Britain—the late Lord Chief Justice. The Bishop of Ripon is a thoroughly popular dignitary of the Church of England, and Dr. Clifford equally represents the best traditions of Nonconformity. Lord Brassey and Sir William Des Vœux spoke as great colonial administrators, and Professor Dicey as one of our most prominent publicists, while Sir Frederick Pollock and Mr. George W. Cable adequately touched the literary traditions of the two countries. Deference was apparently given to the feeling existing in the United States against France at this moment by printing the menu in English—a very rare thing at a banquet at one of our leading hotels, and not achieved, it is understood, without considerable protest on the part of the head cook.

As *The Sketch* is very widely read in America, it is, perhaps, well to put in tabulated form the leading representatives of Anglo-Saxondom that were present. Dr. Conan Doyle, by the way, sends a protest to the *Times* against the use of the word Anglo-Saxon, as not including Irish, Welsh, and Highlanders, and makes an appeal for the phrase "Anglo-Celtic." Apart from the fact that there were apparently only two Irishmen present at the banquet, of whom Dr. Conan Doyle was one, the phrase "Anglo-Celtic" would have to include an enormous population which does not know the English tongue—the inhabitants of Brittany, for example, to say nothing of those who, like many Welshmen, Irishmen, and Highlanders, use the English tongue only from commercial compulsion, and have a preference in their heart of hearts for their traditional Gaelic.

IN DEBRET.

Lord Coleridge.	Sir Frederick Pollock.
Earl Grey.	Lord Kinnaird.
Earl of Carlisle.	Lord Brassey.
Sir William Des Vœux.	Sir Walter Pease.
Right Hon. Evelyn Ashley.	Sir Joshua Fitch.
Sir Norman Lockyer.	Sir T. J. Lipton.
Viscount Powerscourt.	Sir Colin Scott Moncrieff.
Sir Henry S. Cunningham.	Sir Martin Conway.
Sir Walter Besant.	Sir W. G. Cameron.
Sir George Scott Robertson.	Sir Lewis Melver.
Sir Richard Temple.	Sir Alexander Moncrieff.
Sir Somers Vane.	

IN THE CHURCH.

Bishop of Ripon.	Dr. Munro Gibson.
Dean of Hereford.	Dr. Clifford.
Bishop Thoburn.	Dr. Brooke Herford.

IN LITERATURE.

George W. Cable.	Dr. Garnett.
Mrs. W. K. Clifford.	Douglas Sladen.
Professor A. V. Dicey.	T. Fisher Unwin.
Gelett Burgess.	Jerome K. Jerome.
Louis N. Parker.	"Anthony Hope."
Dr. Aubrey.	Julian Ralph.
Joseph Knight.	Sidney Lee.
Professor Westlake, Q.C.	H. D. Traill.
Mrs. C. N. Williamson.	Miss Beatrice Harraden.
T. C. Thomson.	C. F. Keary.
W. G. Sheldon.	P. W. Clayden.
William Sharp.	Mackenzie Bell.
Percy Bunting.	J. MacLaren Cobham.
W. H. Hudson.	Mrs. Leighton.
Dr. Conan Doyle.	James Bowden.

JOURNALISTS.

Mr. St. Loë Strachey, the <i>Spectator</i> .	Mr. W. L. Courtney, <i>Daily Telegraph</i> .
Mr. Alfred Harmsworth, <i>Daily Mail</i> .	Mr. A. W. A'Beckett, <i>Punch</i> .
Mr. H. W. Massingham, <i>Daily Chronicle</i> .	Mr. W. T. Stead, <i>Review of Reviews</i> .
Sir John R. Robinson, <i>Daily News</i> .	Editor of the <i>Illustrated London News</i> .

Dr. Villiers Stanford, Madame Antoinette Sterling, Mr. George Henschel, and Sir Miles Fenton were also present.

"A GREEK SLAVE," AT DALY'S THEATRE.

The gods must have been in a wonderfully good humour to permit a trick such as that which was played in the year 90 on Antonia, a relative of Cæsar, and Marcus Pomponius, Prefect of Rome, to be played successfully. For a set of foreigners, mere "barbarians," had the audacity to conspire to pass off one of their number as a god—as that very meddlesome god "Eros," who caused a great deal of trouble among his fellow deities—with the view of cheating Antonia and Marcus. However, the gods may have been Bank-holidaying at the time, and oblivious of events on our poor planet. The trick was audacious. To please the almost all-powerful Marcus, Heliodorus, a Persian soothsayer, prompted by his pretty daughter, Maia, determined to humiliate Antonia; for the Prefect hoped that, in her humiliation, she would accept his often-rejected hand. Their idea was to render her ridiculous by causing her to fall in love with a statue of Eros while under the delusion that it was the god himself. The trick was easily managed with the aid of Diomed, a Greek slave and the sweetheart of Maia, for he ventured to impersonate the god, and, since he had sat as model for the statue, the illusion was effective. To the disgust of Maia and delight of Heliodorus, Antonia carried off Diomed instead of the statue. Maia's pretty eyes were dimmed with tears at the thought of Diomed in the house of the beautiful Antonia, and her father rejoiced at the thought that he had succeeded in getting rid of the young man whom he deemed most ineligible as a son-in-law.

Poor Antonia, once marble-hearted and deaf to the suit of all the gallant youths of Rome, fell in love with Diomed, whose heart, however, was true to Poll, or rather, to Maia. What was to be the outcome? Diomed loathed his false position. Antonia was in despair, Maia in jealous tears. Marcus raged and uttered blood-curdling threats against Heliodorus, and the Persian soothsayer was doubtful whether his life was honestly insurable. The Saturnalia festival season of mirth and topsyturvydom—what an idea for Mr. Gilbert!—intervened and lessened the strain for a while, but even the five days when "Jack's as good as his master" must go by, and then the crisis would come.

"Flight is no remedy" might have been the phrase of John Bright, and "flight" was the idea that occurred to the conspirators as solution, or rather, dissolution, of the difficulty. But there was an obstacle. Diomed felt, no wonder, that he had acted disgracefully towards Antonia, and refused to run away until after making an apology to her; the others argued with him, and pointed out that Antonia might refuse to accept the apology and inflict punishments that would render Marcus jealous of their refinement in cruelty. Diomed gave way, and promised to go away; but he came back, and by accident Antonia heard a conversation between him and Maia which told all the humiliating truth to her. At first she stormed and threatened, but the lovers sang a pretty song to her which touched her heart, and Iris, her confidential maid, suggested that she should transfer her love from Diomed to Manlius, a young Roman nobleman, and she adopted the suggestion. Indeed, she forgave so fully that, when Marcus threatened to punish the gang of conspirators, she took them under her protection.

There is a pleasant story in the piece, even if told with no great dramatic skill, and it is embellished with wonderfully clever lyrics by Mr. Harry Greenbank and Mr. Adrian Ross, and charming music from the pen of Mr. Sidney Jones. One cannot well apportion praise between Mr. Greenbank and Mr. Ross, though there is implicit evidence that "The Lost Pleiad" and "A Frog He Lived in a Pond" are due to the author really well up in the classic "ropes." The second of these songs is likely to cause all London to be "brekekekexing" for some time to come, as well as "koaxing." By-the-bye, when is an English Aristophanes to appear—the ground is clear for him. As Iris, Miss Letty Lind delighted the house by her wonderful aphonic singing and clever dancing, and, though her part is unimportant in the piece, she had the greatest triumph. Miss Marie Tempest sang admirably music which perfectly suits her beautiful voice. Miss Hilda Moody was charming as Antonia. Page and pages might be written vainly to give an idea of the beauty of the scenery and costumes.

SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

When to light up: Wednesday, June 15, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, 9.17; Monday and Tuesday, 9.18.

A night or two ago I overheard rather a smart rejoinder. A certain uncouth youth, fond of saying what he calls "bright things," happened to ask a lady, seated beside him at dinner, what difference there was between a woman and the polished handle-bar of a bicycle. Of course, she "gave it up," whereupon, with a smirk of self-complacency, he replied glibly that, whereas a woman always spoke without reflecting, the handle-bar invariably reflected without speaking. I saw his fair partner wince as he said this, for he spoke arrogantly rather than in jest, and already he had asked her several equally senseless conundrums. But "That is good," was all she answered; then, without a moment's pause, "Can you tell me, I wonder," she asked sweetly, "the difference between a man and a handle-bar?" He wrinkled his brow for nearly a minute, then frankly confessed his ignorance. "Why, merely this," she continued significantly, though with the same bewitching smile, "the handle-bar of my bicycle is always polished; some men's manners are not."

I read that in Buffalo, U.S.A.—the city famous for pawnbrokers—a law has been passed forbidding cyclists to ride in traffic "hands off." Were a similar regulation in force in this country, we should hear of far fewer cycling accidents; but this is a free country, theoretically, and a "free" country it will remain until our legislators condescend to emulate the example set by some of the leading law-givers upon the other side of the Atlantic.

About a week ago I had occasion to help a fair cyclist in distress. Upon my addressing her, I was startled, indeed almost shocked, at the peculiar appearance of her complexion. At first I felt convinced that she must be suffering from bubonic plague, or from some equally malignant disease, but upon closer inspection I became aware that the curious blotches all over her face arose simply from natural perspiration which had caused her veil to stain her skin and so impart to her the appearance of a Choctaw aborigine. Perhaps my fair readers will take warning from this incident.

The cost of conveyance of cycles by rail really is exorbitant. I have been comparing the prices charged by the various English railway companies, and have come to the conclusion that the rates of the Great Western Railway Company are very bad to beat. The sum demanded for the conveyance of a bicycle from Paddington to Teignmouth, for instance, is 6s., while the third-class railway fare of a human being is only 15s. 6d. This is the sort of incongruity that tickles the sense of humour of our Transatlantic brothers to extinction—and no wonder.

Snow-white cycling-shirts are becoming more and more fashionable in London, and very nice and neat and clean they look. I may mention, however, that the rider anxious to appear nice and neat and clean by wearing white must possess at least eight or ten of these shirts, if she bicycles daily, as a white cycling-shirt worn in London begins to look dirty very soon indeed.

A little book, entitled "Cycle and Camp," by T. H. Holding (Ward, Lock, and Co.), contains a fair amount of information that may be of use to touring cyclists.

When must a cyclist "light up"? The law says, an hour after sunset, but the point has yet to be decided whether this means an hour after the sun has set at Greenwich or an hour after the sun has set at the particular place where the cyclist happens to be. In spring and autumn the difference between Greenwich and local time may not be appreciable, but, as we are now approaching the summer solstice, some definite ruling on the question appears to be desirable. The other day some cyclists were fined at Wick for not having their lamps lighted an hour after the sun set at Greenwich, but in the North of Scotland it was, of course, broad daylight. In fact, at the end of June it is never dark in those latitudes, and it is manifestly absurd to expect a cyclist to light his lamp at a time when he is able to read the smallest print by daylight. To fix a particular moment for "lighting up" in each county for each day in the year might be a difficulty, and prove a perplexing problem to the tourist on wheels; but, at least, in such an extreme case as this at Wick, considerable "latitude" should surely be permitted, and the common sense of the presiding justices ought to be sufficient safeguard against the officiousness of the over-zealous policeman.

Let me recommend a delightful afternoon's run from town down the Uxbridge Road. A little off the main road, at the village of Cowley—which, as a glance at the map will show, is near Hillingdon and about a couple of miles short of Uxbridge—will be found an ideal resting-place bearing the charmingly rural title of The May Trees. Here delicious tea and coffee or other light refreshments are served in dainty manner by the ladies in charge, or, if due notice be given, luncheons will be provided for cycling parties. Such a charming country retreat deserves to be known, and only needs to be known to be appreciated by all who desire to escape for a few hours from the distracting rush and racket of London.

Since my paragraph concerning the illegality of innkeepers turning away at haphazard from their doors persons whose appearance may chance not to suit their fastidious, and, of course, being innkeepers, unexceptionable taste, a little shower of *billets* thanking me has come fluttering into my lap. Among the *billets*, however, are a few abusive missives from correspondents, one of whom "thanks Heaven that his wife in all her glory is not arrayed in the bifurcated garment"—whatever he may mean by that sentence—and two of whom would like to know how my female relatives, if I have any, would like to be seen in bloomers. Such remarks and inquiries strike me as being beside the mark. It is significant to note, however, that my correspondents who profess such a holy horror of the rational costume and insinuate that their wives and sisters would blush at the sight of a woman attired in this, I admit, unbecoming class of garment, write from remote parts of the provinces. Therefore one has reason to believe that, in spite of the elevating influence of *The Sketch*, the country cousin of primitive ideas does still exist—in places.

The extraordinary utterances of an American preacher, the Rev. Frank Talmage, anent Sunday cycling, cause me to revert once more to the subject. Many churches are now providing racks for the accommodation of bicycles, so that riders may stable their machines in safety, while they themselves enter for worship. But this system of securing the attendance of cyclists at church finds no favour in the eyes of Mr. Talmage. He declares that "any minister who is advocating Sunday riding is either an arrant fool or else he is intentionally sending thousands of his young people straight down into an everlasting smash-up." The Gospel according to Talmage appears to consist of a rigid application of the Fourth Commandment, with the addition of a strong flavour of brimstone. But the funniest point in his argument is that people ought not to cycle to church because a costume which is adapted to the wheel is unbecoming in the House of God. He won't have such in his church. "One of the mightiest of all blessings is that on Sunday we can wash ourselves and put on our best clothes and, with our wives and children, come to the House of God"—from which one might infer that Mr. Talmage washes only once a week; also that the poor man and the unmarried man are alike unwelcome in his smug tabernacle. But this is not all. He gives an illustration of the irreverence of cycling costume. "I ask, supposing you to-day were invited to an audience to meet the Queen of England, would you dare to walk into her presence in a pair of knickerbockers or curtsy before her in the awkwardness and scarcity of a bicycle-skirt? And what you would not do before an earthly king, would you here and now dare to do before your heavenly King?" Does Mr. Talmage expect the ladies of his congregation to appear every Sunday in presentation-dresses, with trains and feathers? And does he consider a *décolletée* Court-gown more becoming in church than the "scarcity" (by which, I presume, he means scantiness) of a bicycle-skirt? His arguments are far from convincing, but they are really very laughable.

A TYPICAL AIREDALE.

Airedale terriers of late have become very popular. A few years ago they were rarely to be met with excepting in or around that part known as the Black Country. They are now to be met with almost everywhere, and a South of England Airedale Terrier Club has done much to encourage



AIREDALE TERRIER, BURLY BRYMAN.
Photo by Hermann Ernest, St. John's Wood.

the breed in the South. A capital type is Miss M. N. Arnold's Burly Bryman, a young dog who has distinguished himself at the leading shows. The Airedale is a capital sportsman and rare "pal," and I hope to see him increase in public favour.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

Visitors to Ascot must have noticed how the course by the stands got worn before the end of the meeting was reached, owing to the people crossing and recrossing between the races. I think some scheme may



THIS HORSE (GALTEE MORE) WAS SOLD TO THE RUSSIAN GOVERNMENT FOR £21,000.

be devised for covering up this part of the course after each race. Rolls of cocoanut matting could be used for the purpose, and these might be used on the principle of the sliding shutters. The initial expense would be a big one, but I feel certain it would pay in the long run. Visitors might object to the nuisance of the reels standing in front of the rails, but passages could be constructed to hold these, which would minimise the risk of accident. I am not quite sure, by-the-by, that a sort of matting could not be manufactured over which it would be possible to race.

The Royal Hunt Cup is always the chief speculative event of the Ascot Week, and this year's race will prove no exception to the rule. Of the horses engaged, many have run previously this season, and it now remains for believers in the book to sift the wheat from the chaff. Knight of the Thistle is very much fancied by Jewitt, who knows how to win this race, by-the-by. The horse ran fourth on sufferance in the City and Suburban, but those who observed the race keenly must have noticed



THE LATE MR. HAMAR BASS'S LOVE WISELY, BOUGHT BY MR. CASSEL FOR £5000.

that Kilecock could have been at least third had not Watts eased him when pursuit of Bay Ronald looked to be a hopeless case. On that form, which was good, I shall take Kilecock to beat all comers in the Royal Hunt Cup, as the horse is said to have come on a lot since the Epsom Spring Meeting.

In 1822, when the Duke of York's Moses won his match at Ascot, his Royal Highness was observed to look very thoughtful. A sportsman asked his companion what he supposed the Duke could be pondering on. "Why, you know, he is a Bishop," said the other, "and he is doubtless thinking of Moses and the Profits." And no doubt his Royal Highness was, for, when he backed his horses, he used to put his money down very largely.

At the Ascot Meeting of 1832, when the King and Queen were present, there was a slashing race for the Gold Cup between Sir M. Wood's Camarine, 4 years old, 8 st. 2 lb., ridden by Robinson; Mr. Chifney's Rowton, 6 years old, 9 st. 3 lb., ridden by Chifney; and Mr. Wagstaff's Saddler, 4 years old, 8 st. 2 lb.; distance about two and a-half miles. The betting at starting was 11 to 8 against Camarine, 7 to 4 Rowton, and 7 to 2 against Saddler. It was a punishing race between Rowton and Camarine for the last forty yards, and in the last stride Chifney on Rowton made a desperate effort and the judge pronounced it a dead-heat. After an hour's grace, the horses were brought out again to run off, when the odds were 11 to 10 on Camarine. Rowton made the running at a good pace, Camarine waiting very patiently till within



GALOPIN.

Photo by Hatley, Newmarket.

the distance, when she crept up; at the stand she was alongside, and, directly after, heading Rowton, won very cleverly by two lengths. Verily they must have had some stayers in those days, to do two two-and-a-half-mile races in one day.

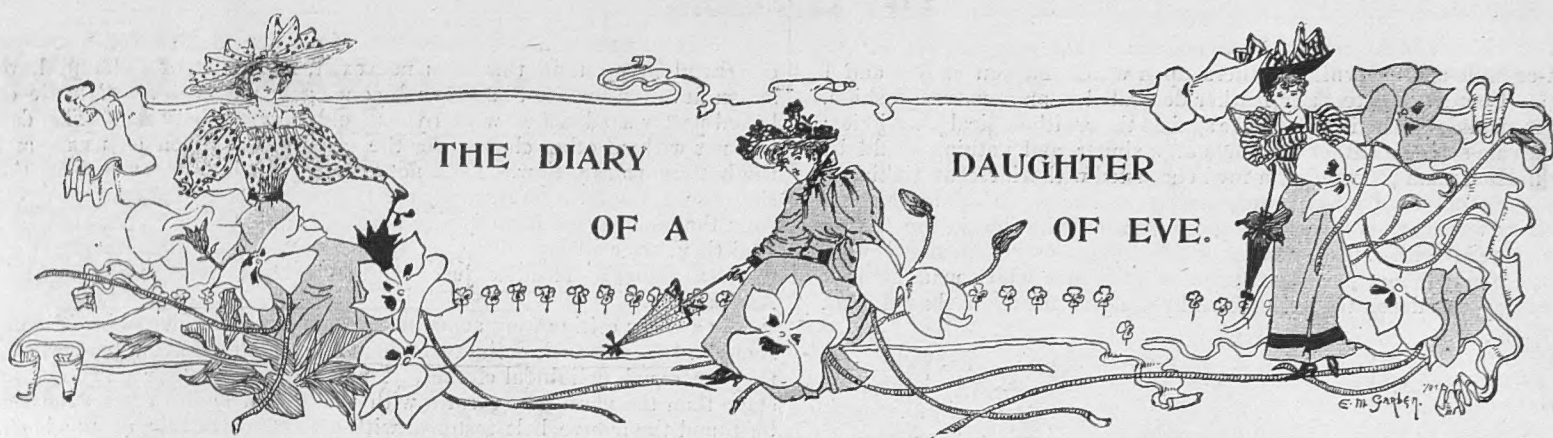
There is weeping and wailing in the ranks of the bookmakers over the number of unsettled accounts, many of which will never be recovered. Betting on the nod may be all right for the amateur plunger, but the system often brings disaster to the layers, and I am surprised that the latter allow so much credit as they do to their patrons. Under the credit system, some men bet in "monkeys" who would limit their investments to hundreds if they had to stake the money.

Mr. E. T. Hooley kept a few horses in training, but I do not think he took a lively interest in the Sport of Kings, and I must say that, as a body, the City financiers have not done much good on the Turf, if we note such honourable exceptions as the Rothschilds, the Roses, and the Raphaels. Promoting companies successfully is a different matter to winning races. The Turf is, as has been said before, a real leveller—"All are equal above and beneath it." Millions will not command success at racing, and I am of the opinion that a knowledge of money matters only is little or no use when applied to the successful placing or purchasing of thoroughbreds.

The late Mr. J. Comyns Cole, whose death took place last week, was one of the old school of sporting journalists. Every inch a gentleman, he was highly popular in the Press-box, the Club Enclosure, and in Tattersall's Ring. "Daddy" Cole, as his intimates were pleased to term him, wrote some highly interesting racing gossip for the *Field*, the *World*, and last, but not least, *Baily's Magazine*. He was eighty-one when he died, yet he had only retired from work for a year.

The retired racehorse may cease to excite great interest, but his practical value increases enormously. Thus Galtee More left England for Russia last Saturday week, the Russian Government having paid £21,000 for him, while Galopin is producing excellent stock.

CAPTAIN COE.



Monday.—The first day of summer has bloomed at last, and my greed for clothes has set in with its usual severity. One dress, two dresses, three dresses—I want half-a-dozen, and as many hats. The sun always gets into my head and intoxicates me with a desire for fresh costumes, and it is an extraordinary fact that, no matter how many weeks I spend

ribbons, the blouse itself being gathered on to this and made of a mauve and white and black foulard, fastening down the back, a habit of all good shirts to-day and one which makes for the becoming if not for the entirely convenient. Wandering about in search of clothes which I could devour, I went into Paquin's, 39, Dover Street, and enjoyed quite a



MISS VANBRUGH AND MISS CARLOTTA NILLSON IN "THE AMBASSADOR."

preparing for the warm weather, the moment of its arrival finds me totally unprepared for it.

Batiste shirts are the most important items to be considered. These look best when trimmed with three rows of real lace insertion down the front, the transparent collar-band tied into a bow at the back, and cuffs of transparent lace on the sleeves. We should take our summer frocks transparent at the neck and the wrist—this makes them really cool. A very pretty shirt I saw at the Countess of Warwick's Dépôt yesterday had a yoke of Valenciennes lace, transparent, threaded with velvet

feast of good things. I met everyone I knew there—with a few exceptions—notably, a famous actress, Gertie, a duchess, and a countess. Gertie had on a new hat of cream Tuscan with huge bows of black tulle, the famous actress had on a green linen skirt and a holland coat with a green chiffon hat, worn low down on her forehead, and a bunch of pheasant's feathers at one side, and the duchess was exhibiting the charms of a black-and-white spotted foulard with a lace waistcoat crossed and recrossed with many black velvet ribbons, while the Countess, who was a foreigner, wore black grenadine with a charming

grace, a white ribbon round her waist, and a hat bearing one of the black-chenille-spotted white feathers upon which fashion smiles and I frown. I cordially detest any feather decorated in an unnatural fashion. The jet-spangled wing is an outrage against the ornithological proprieties; the chenille-spotted feather is no less of a sinner, and nothing could be more hideous than the wing of a fowl encrusted with iridescent stickiness.

The clothes at Paquin's were lovely. The acme of an elegant simplicity was reached by a white piqué spotted with black, the tabbed edges traced with black, and a white glacé cravat hemmed with Victoria plaid ribbon. A Court-train of pink lisse which made its bow on Tuesday was decorated with raised hydrangeas made in shaded pink



[Copyright.]

BLACK LACE OVER WHITE.

chiffon, the calyx being of diamonds. The dress over which this was worn was made of white net trimmed with insertions of pink lace, the pattern decked with shaded pink ribbons.

Gertie was very full of her sister's Drawing-Room gown, which certainly sounded delightful. It had a skirt of cream lace, a bodice of the same decorated with pearl embroidery, and a train fitted on in Court-mantle fashion, entirely made of pleated frills of blue chiffon worked round in semicircles. One sleeve was a puff of black tulle, and the other a band of black velvet buckled with diamonds. Making due allowance for Gertie's enthusiastic prejudice in favour of her relatives, I am perfectly certain her sister looked charming. So will the woman who wears a tea-gown I saw at Paquin's this morning, one mass of cream lace and little bouillonnées of cream chiffon. And another gown here, destined to decorate its wearer with distinction, has a skirt of soft pale-yellow muslin over glacé silk, the coat of lace cut into a zouave in the front, with a very long basque at the back, and striped with bands of silk, the cravat being of pale-blue tulle. 39, Dover Street, is undoubtedly the home of the frock desirable.

Wednesday.—I spent the day in the country, house-hunting with Julia, who persistently takes long journeys in a neighbourhood she does not like, in search of something she does not want; however, the entertainment was not without its advantages, for the hostess at one of the houses we visited told us a long story, not wholly unsuggestive of the sea-serpent and the giant gooseberry, of a robin that had built its nest in an empty tin previously inhabited by Lyle's golden syrup. Had I been

the robin, I should have chosen the tin when it was full—a more delightful syrup than this does not exist, I know it of old, and have sworn devotion for life to a lady who once gave me an *entremet* made of baked pastry sandwiched with Lyle's golden syrup between. The day was not without other charms, for the grass was as green as usual, and the buttercups as yellow. I did not grumble much, but revelled in the sunlight on the river, even though I fidgeted Julia (at least, so she says) from the moment we started to be sure and catch the early return train. And then, after all my fidgeting, I got home only in time to arrive at the St. James's Theatre just as the curtain went up on "The Ambassador."

As a witty critic of my acquaintance observed, "I like John Oliver's snobs"; they say such delightful things in such a delightful manner, and they wear such delightful clothes. I never saw a prettier gown on any stage than the plain cerise satin with the folded bodice crossed on the bust, and the mauve belt fastened with a diamond buckle at the back, mauve flowers and mauve ribbon forming the shoulder-straps, which, as the Irishwoman observed, "outlined no sleeves." Miss Vanbrugh wears a charming dress of white lisse, with a black lace pattern upon it, and a belt of cerise velvet with a pink rose thrust through it, this gown showing an under-skirt of white lisse and lace, which at the frill permits a peep of a roseate petticoat most alluringly.

Miss Fay Davis's first frock is very charming, made of thickly ribbed silk with the stripes going round the figure, and a little bodice of transparent lace revealing pale-blue chiffon fastened into a frilled fichu round the throat. This, crowned with a Tuscan hat with white feathers, is the ideal gown for a young girl—of liberal relations.

Miss Granville as the Princess looks magnificent in a low black velvet dress, innocent of ornament save ropes of pearls and masses of diamonds, doubtless masterpieces of the Parisian Diamond Company, whose works grow ever and ever in elegance. And Miss Davis's evening-dress of tulle, with innumerable rows of satin ribbon, is the pink of perfection.

But I want to go and see the play again; there are so many excellent things in it too good to be hurriedly swallowed at a sitting. George Alexander, with the sash and star on his breast and his grizzled hair, is an Ambassador whose diplomacy could never be questioned, and H. B. Irving is most interesting as a stolid prig who would arouse in any woman a desire to upset him.

TO MY CORRESPONDENTS.

LA CIGALE.—I should replace the pansy velvet waistband by a belt of pale-blue ribbon. Have a grey chiffon hat with two grey ostrich-feathers, turning it up in the front with a large rosette of pale-blue ribbon. A low bodice should be of grey satin with a fichu of grey chiffon round the shoulders, bordered with some very good cream-coloured lace, fastening this up in the front with a bunch of pink roses, and keep the blue belt. The rucked sleeves of chiffon will do very well for this. You have not given me any trouble. Your shade of blue is charming, but give up the idea of the yellow hat, please.

LORNA DOONE.—Open the skirt up the front to let it show a petticoat of white accordion-pleated lisse, with black lace patterns upon it. Treat the bodice in the same fashion, with a fichu of white lisse tied into a small bow on the bust, with the ends hanging down or tucked into a belt. Have sleeves of white chiffon, with black lace designs upon them, and keep the back and the sides of the skirt and bodice of your striped stuff.

GELATINE.—I have seen some really lovely dresses at Paquin's, 39, Dover Street. Of course, nothing that is good in dress is cheap, but you can get quite a nice gown from there, one that you would really observe as *chic* for £20. You must not expect silk or satin for this, but you will get good style. I like your suggestion of the hat with the cherries. The introduction of the blossom is very pretty, I think.

GRENADIER.—Have a shirt of soft Liberty satin, the necktie and collar to match, the sole trimming to be an insertion of beadings down the centre box-pleat and down the three seams at the back, and on the cuffs, with bishop sleeves. You can get such shirts as these ready-made from Jay's, where, I think, they cost two and a-half guineas—I am not quite sure of the price, but I am certain that you will like them. Pale blue is the most fashionable colour there is at the moment, so you certainly have my sanction in choosing it.

PATRICIA.—By all means I advise the Irish Industries, for their materials wear splendidly, and they have lovely colours now. Choose one of pale blue. You can get them from the dépôt, 20, Motcombe Street, Belgravia, and they will send you patterns if you write to them. A white shirt, I think, and a black tie, or a white shirt and a blue-and-white check tie would be nice. A favourite model shirt of mine takes the Garibaldi form, fastening down the back, trimmed with tucks and stripes of lace. You can have this in soft surah, as you suggest, or in batiste.

LEILA.—Go to Simmons, 35, Haymarket. They cut the new skirt admirably. The jacket form would suit you best, I think. You could have one of those boleros tight into the waist at the back, and hanging over in the front in a square tab. Simmons knows the pattern I like, and, by the way, it was a gown of Simmons' that inspired that sketch you admired in last week's number, with the fringe round the shoulders and down the skirt. Thanks for your letter.

VIRGINIA.

The Chancery Lane Safe Deposit Company, in order to meet the increasing demands for special strong-rooms, are adding a new annexe to their already extensive safe deposit.

The North-Eastern Railway Company have issued a neat guide, containing particulars of hotels, and farmhouse, seaside, and country lodgings, to be obtained during the holiday season in Northumberland, Cumberland, Westmoreland, Durham, and Yorkshire. The book may be obtained post free, twopence, from the Superintendent of the line, North-Eastern Railway, York.

CITY NOTES.

The next Settlement begins on June 27.

MONEY.

"It is all very well to have the gold coming in at that rate, but the question has to be considered whether the Bank of England is to be so freely utilised as a dumping-ground even for such a precious metal." That is a quotation from what we said in these Notes a week ago, and the view which we thus illustrated is evidently in accordance with the policy of the Bank of England Directors. The Stock Exchange was expecting and clamouring for a further reduction of the Bank Rate; but it has been wisely postponed. See what has happened from the last reduction. It has turned the tide, and—to cite one example—the Japanese gold, which was coming in so freely, is now going out again. There really ought to be a course of study in elementary political economy for Stock Exchange men. The wild conclusions at which they arrive, or which, at least, they allege as explanatory of Money Market movements, are fantastic and often puerile. It does not call for any special astuteness to realise that the bulk of the recent influx of gold is simply equivalent to the transfer of credit balances from banks where its safety was doubtful to others where that safety was assured.

As all this turmoil seems to amount to little more than a tempest in a tea-cup, the money is being taken away again to meet the special purposes for which it was originally intended. This process is likely to go on, and, consequently, the Bank Directors have been well advised in ignoring the competition of the lower rates in the open Money Market.

HOME RAILS.

There seems to prevail a general expectation that, for the half-year just drawing to a close, most of the Home Railway companies will be able to declare improved dividends. While repeating the warning which we gave a week ago as to the timidity which directors might feel about increasing dividends, from the fear that by so doing they might foment labour agitation, there is an undercurrent of buying of the kind which seems to denote that the purchasers know something. There are cases known even in the immaculate precincts of the Stock Exchange where dividend prospects have been discounted with pecuniary advantage. The traffic returns are keeping all right in gross increases, and we really believe that the amount of net gain which they produce is wholly and solely a matter of discretion with the various Boards of Directors.

Chatham and Dorset keep good upon the firm conviction of the market that there is some truth in the pooling rumours, despite any quantity of official denials. Some people even go so far as to hint that the negotiations go to some amalgamation of capital interests rather than to a mere working agreement, and our advice to holders of "Little Chats" is to stick to their stock, upon the principle that by so doing they will be playing a game of heads I win, tails you lose.

INDIAN CURRENCY.

It was a funny debate that they had in the House of Commons last week on Lord George Hamilton's resolution to sanction Indian borrowing to the extent of £10,000,000. Members who did not know much about the matter insisted on airing their currency views. Most of those who did know anything were debarred from exposing even the grossest fallacies by the fact that they were in honour bound to keep at least the semblance of an open mind pending the deliberations of the committee of which they had been appointed members. It was hardly a debate, it was rather a discussion, throughout which it was continuously sought to drag in by the tail matters totally irrelevant to the resolution before the House, that resolution being one to sanction a *sterling* loan, with the distinct proviso that it had nothing whatever to do with the currency proposals which are to be subjected to investigation. We wonder whether it was the muzzled monometallists or the throttled bimetallics who suffered most from having to endure in silence the amateurishness of that debate.

BANK SHARES.

There still continues to be stagnation in this department, but there will be a waking-up, in all probability, when the dividend results come out. Though the stagnation exists, there is going on a fair amount of quiet buying; or, to put it another way, while there is no active market, there is not much difficulty in realising shares if the occasion arises and the Bank is of good standing.

SOUTH AMERICANS.

We are still as much as ever at a loss to understand the precise reason of the demand for Brazilian bonds. Nobody seems to have got at it, and the rumours floating around are as conflicting and contradictory as the news about the war between the United States and Spain. The most circumstantial rumour suggested the cause as being the rise in exchange, and the relapse in the rate brought about a relapse in Brazilian bonds. What we want to know is, who is working the game? Without any ostensible reason, both Brazilians and Argentines are coming prominently to the front, and Chili is being pushed into the background on rumours of financial difficulties. That, at least, is the glib explanation which the conventional jobber supplies. Another explanation given as a *pis aller* was that there was going to be a revival of the boundary dispute between Chili and the Argentine Republic. That was a particularly beautiful specimen of the Stock Exchange canard, and it was very soon killed. The particular absurdity of it lay in the fact that, if it were a genuine explanation, it was manifestly impossible to reconcile

it with the coincident rise in Argentine bonds. A broker with a sense of humour said to our representative, "You see, it is just like this. The explanation of the rise in Argentines is that there is not going to be any more trouble with Chili. The fall in Chilean bonds is easily accounted for by the fact that there is going to be trouble. When Chilians go up and Argentines go down, all you have to do is to turn that statement upside down, and then you can't be wrong. But, if you take my advice, find out who is interested in raising or depressing the prices of either."

THE TRUSTEES' AND EXECUTORS' REDUCTION SCHEME.

We hear that the difficulties with the Founders have been practically arranged, and that the rearrangement of the capital of this company will go through in a few weeks, in such a form that the whole of the Founders' shares will be extinguished, and the capital of the corporation kept at the round figure of 200,000 shares of 5 guineas each, of which £3 will remain unpaid. Exactly what the Founders get as compensation for the total extinction of their rights, we do not know, but there is no doubt that the forfeited Ordinary shares will be used in some way to effect the settlement.

When the reduction of capital is carried out, we think shareholders may reasonably expect a 5 per cent. dividend on the £2 5s. paid up per share, and a market value of at least 40s. as soon as the public begins to realise that it is from investments and genuine business the money is earned, and not from company-mongering. Should objections to the settlement bring about the retirement of a certain gentleman, who was one of the creditors' nominees when the Board was reconstituted after the smash, it might be possible for the corporation to take a hand in a few profitable deals, and earn not 5 per cent., but 10 per cent., for its shareholders without running undue risks. It has even been hinted to us that there is more than a chance of this desirable state of affairs being brought about, and we can honestly recommend the shares at, say, 32s. 6d., as a good purchase, for it is one in which we have ourselves indulged.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

The other day there appeared a miniature spade and pail on the notice-board in the Miscellaneous Market, put there, it was supposed, as a mute reproach to the business which seems to ebb away faster and faster every week. Members of the House have lightly turned from dreams of profit to thoughts of Ascot, and the Committee is regarded with unusual favour for arranging so that the Royal race-meeting should come to mitigate the deadly dreariness of a nineteen-day account. Mr. Higham's "Foston" was largely backed by his Kaffir Market friends. Fears of dearer money have been allowed to die a natural, if temporary, death, and the withdrawal of £600,000 from the Bank on a single day caused barely a flutter in the dove-cotes of the Consol Market. Consols marked 111 once this week, but are $\frac{1}{8}$ better to-night. India stocks have been lowered in anticipation of the suggested loan for ten millions sterling, but as only about a quarter of this amount will be added as fresh debt to the country—the balance being required to pay off maturing obligations, &c.—there seems about as much logic in the fall as the Stock Exchange usually manages to muster when a fresh issue of any kind is made.

Spanish have fallen $\frac{1}{2}$, to 34 $\frac{1}{2}$, since I last wrote, and the market is keeping a wide look-out for sales on behalf of the Bank of Spain, in order to provide funds with which to meet the next coupon. As there are very few outside buyers, the dealers think they may be paid literally in their own coin when their coupons are presented for encashment. Argentines made up higher all round, but there is a good deal of quiet discussion as to whether Dr. Pellegrini is over here for the benefit of his heart, as is stated, or upon business connected with the internal arrangements of his country, a new loan, for example. Whether the Argentine Government has not bitten off more than it can chew in promising to pay its interest in sterling after next month, is again a question largely to the fore. Brazils have fallen on the week, although making-up prices were in the holders' favour, and the denial of delimitation trouble between Chili and the Argentine Republic has been received with some coolness by those most interested in the former country's bonds.

Home Rails at last show signs of revival, after having been dormant since the Diamond Jubilee started a quite unwarranted boomlet a year ago. "Little Chats," as the House calls London, Chatham, and Dover Ordinary stock, have been enjoying most of the popularity, an idea of a pooling arrangement between the company and its old enemy, the South-Eastern, being used as the peg whereon to hang a rise. South-Eastern Deferred, however, has barely responded, although at 113 $\frac{1}{2}$ it is within 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ points of the highest price touched this year. Metropolitan and Districts are quiet in the absence of anything fresh about the electric traction scheme. If the new scheme should come into force, it seems likely that the present rolling-stock will have to be largely replaced by new coaches. Why do not the Underground companies do away with the unprofitable second-class? It would pay them considerably better to have first and third-class only.

Yankees kept up bravely through the week until the end, Friday afternoon witnessing an all-round *débâcle*. The jobbers outside the inner ring merely smiled at the New York stampede, which appeared to be started by rumours that the four-years' expected dividend on Louisville would again be passed, and that an outbreak of yellow fever had again been reported from the Southern States. Even Mr. "Tootie" Brander joined in the rout of his favourite Canadas, although no one knew positively as to whether a fresh issue of Preference stock was intended or not. The Grand Trunk stocks were equally disconsolate over a trifling traffic increase where a large one had been fondly "gone for," and the Kaffir jobbers who have lately adopted this market said that Rand mines in a Paris slump were playthings compared to Trunk Firsts when the traffic was a "bear" one. Saturday, however, saw another complete change, and Milwaukee shot up to 105 buyers.

Very quietly indeed has the House taken Mr. Hooley's petition for winding-up his affairs. One dealer remarked that the Cycle Market has been so "tired" for the last twelve months that no appreciable effect was likely to be produced by the news. Dunlop Deferred was the largest sufferer with a loss of 2s. per share. Mr. Hooley's ventures have always been looked upon with a certain amount of suspicion in the Stock Exchange even in the days of Mr. Hooley's glory. The new issue of Lyons' shares has been nicknamed "Cubs" on the same principle whereby Aerated Bread fractions are invariably called "Breadcrums." The Hudson's Bay dividend was considered disappointing, being at the same rate as last year, and the shares promptly fell to 20 $\frac{1}{2}$. Russian Oils are now quoted as split shares, the Deferred being 2 $\frac{1}{2}$. The company's title seems at last to have been put upon a proper basis.

Mining shares are absolutely lifeless. Dividends of 7½ per cent. on City and Suburban and Wolhuters have been declared this week, and the Durban-Roodepoort announces a 4s. distribution. The magnificent output of the Rand has had a very trifling effect upon prices to-day. Rhodesians neither speak for themselves nor find anyone to speak for them. An inquisitive broker was inquiring whether Chartered were likely, in the opinion of his jobbing friend, to turn out a profitable spec. "They may turn out all right if they are treated as you ought to be," was the response, "and that is, kept locked up." They did not deal, those two.

Adelaide buying is supposed to be at the back of the strength displayed by the West Australian Market, the favourites having been Horseshoes and the better-class shares generally. Bottomley issues have been neglected altogether. In the Miscellaneous section, Mysore has been a feature of strength, and are quite high enough if the dividend should prove to be only 4s. A close observer of the markets will tell you that it is generally pretty safe to sell when a stock has risen sharply upon dividend expectations, because, when the announcement is made and there is nothing left to be known, the tendency is downwards for a time, and a cheaper purchase later on would probably reward the astute seller if he wanted to buy his shares back.

Mr. Guy Nickalls is a happy man, and the lady who, until a few days back, was Miss Gold, has now become Stock Exchange property by virtue of her marriage with the famous Oxford ear, who is a very popular man among his fellow members. May their united shadow never grow less, says the House, and echoes

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

THE HOOLEY SMASH.

The long-expected bankruptcy of the great promoter has come at last. Everybody with the least knowledge of Hooley methods and Hooley finance has known for the last twelve months that a journey to Carey Street, sooner or later, was inevitable; while those who had the most complete knowledge have been surprised at the long time Mr. Hooley has been able to keep the ball rolling. Our readers will hear all sorts of stories to account for what has occurred, and we have no doubt the world will be assured that every creditor will get 20s. in the pound; but they may rest assured that all the silly talk about "blackmail" is on a par with the drivel about "wicked bear conspiracies" which passes muster at the meetings of the Market Trust, and also that, except for a few equities of redemption of great difficulty to realise, the much-vaunted estate will be found to consist of next to nothing.

The intelligence of the world must be, indeed, rated very low when the story about being dragged out of bed at twelve o'clock at night and threatened with arrest unless he paid £25,000, is made to do duty as an example of "the blackmail" to which Mr. Hooley was subject. Surely any sensible man could have given only one answer to such a demand, and that not the answer which Mr. Hooley found necessary. The truth is that, vile and low as the blackmailing of the Financial Press and the scribes who write for it, may be, the lavish encouragement which persons of the Hooley type extend to such vermin is the very *raison d'être* of their existence. Just as the receiver of stolen goods is quite as bad as the thief, so the payer of the blackmail of which Mr. Hooley complains is, in our opinion, quite as injurious a member of the community as the blackmailer who lives upon him.

The promised revelations will, no doubt, be amusing, and may damage the reputations of many people who have long been suspected of not being above suspicion, but we feel sure that they will prove as damaging to the briber as to the receiver.

We have received a very abusive post-card from a gentleman signing himself Robert Brodie, who complains in strong language that we recommended certain companies promoted by Mr. Hooley at the time of issue, and he instances Dunlop, Schweppes, and Bovril as examples. If Mr. Brodie has lost money over either of these concerns, it is his own fault, and he has nothing but his own greed to blame for it. In each instance he could have sold his allotments at a profit, and surely a financial writer cannot be responsible for more than giving his readers a chance of making a profit. If they are fools enough to miss the golden opportunity, they must be indeed unreasonable to blame the person or newspaper upon whose recommendation they originally obtained their shares. The truth of the matter is that Mr. Brodie and persons of his kidney ought to lock their cash up in the Savings Bank, not to speculate with it upon the Stock Exchange. They can buy, but they cannot sell, and they hide even from themselves their own folly, by making scapegoats of the people who showed them the way to the golden gate, which even then they are so foolish that they cannot find. *The Sketch* Money Article is not written for such as these.

SKINNER'S "MINING MANUAL."

The new volume of this excellent work ought to be in the hands of every person who dabbles in mines or mining shares. For the year 1898 Mr. Skinner has done his work even more completely than in 1897, and, after a careful perusal of the book, we can state with confidence that it is admirably and accurately compiled, and would, if in the hands of all our readers, save them many inquiries, and, in many cases, the waste of money in hopeless wild cats. The appendix, containing a list of mining directors and mining secretaries, is very useful, and enables every intelligent reader to judge for himself of the connection between the various companies. There is probably no better criterion of the prospects of a mine than the people who direct its destinies, and from this point of view Mr. Skinner's work could not be improved upon. We can honestly recommend the book, which is published at 26, Nicholas Lane, E.C., to all our readers who desire the latest and best available information about the various mining ventures in which they are financially interested.

AUSTRALIAN FEDERATION.

The failure of the Federationists to carry New South Wales with a sufficient vote appears to have greatly exercised the minds of many of our contemporaries, who have drawn a moral very unfavourable to the older colony from a comparison with the result of the polls in Victoria and South Australia. The amount of rubbish which has been written in Great Britain upon this subject would be amusing were it not sad that such stuff should pass muster for newspaper copy by reason of the ignorance both of the writers and readers of all things connected with our colonies.

There is no question of patriotism, loyalty, pride of empire, or any other sentiment connected with the matter. New South Wales has grown up and thrived under a policy of free trade, Victoria and South Australia are on the verge of bankruptcy under the protective system, which has produced and fostered industries and manufactures for whose goods there is no sufficient outlet. Colonial federation means turning the prosperous colony of New South Wales into a dumping-ground for the protection-fostered boots, slop-clothes, machinery, and other rubbish produced by its sister colonies, and the wonder is, not that the necessary majority could not be obtained, but that sixty-eight thousand persons could be found in New South Wales who were willing to give up the very material advantages of free trade for the sentimental benefits of belonging to a great Australian commonwealth.

Saturday, June 11, 1898.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, *The Sketch* Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

SPITALS.—We have returned your prospectus, but, if you had wanted a private answer to your letter, you should have complied with Rule 5. (1) For the present we think the Ordinary stock a reasonable investment. (2) It would not do for our own money. We do not care for industrial concerns in which there is a very limited market. (3) The property is large and the possibilities considerable, but at present we know of no discovery of value upon it. (4) Upon the whole, we should hold.

A. H. B.—Chadburn's (Ship) Telegraph Company Ordinary shares at £1 2s. 6d. would suit you. The company is doing very well, and we fully expect a dividend of from 10 to 12½ per cent.

A SUBSCRIBER.—Our advice as to the reconstruction of the West Australian Market Trust has been published from week to week in "City Notes." We can add nothing to what we said last week.

C. W. S.—Photographs of robins have nothing to do with finance. We have handed over your letter to the Editor, but if you and other silly people would only read the notes at the head of this column we should be saved a good deal of trouble.

MARS.—In our opinion, the concern is a wild cat of the worst kind. Sell for whatever you can get.

YANKEE.—(1) We think that the people you name are touts of the better class, who will probably pay if you win the bets which, under the guise of Stock Exchange deals, they make with you, but they are sure to fleece you in the end. (2) No. If you want that kind of investment, you had far better buy some Chadburn (Ship) Telegraph Company 6 per cent. Preference shares or *Lady's Pictorial* 5 per cent. Preferences.

ANNIE.—You have been a victim, like many others, of a gang of promoters, whose end will shortly be the inside of one of her Majesty's hotels for wicked people. Write the money off as a bad debt, and be content with the satisfaction of reading the debates in Parliament about prison discipline and suchlike subjects, and thinking of how unpleasant a few years of that kind of thing will be for the people who robbed you.

F. O. B.—(1) Over-capitalised, but a good business. (2) A reasonable industrial risk. We should hold. (3) A pure gamble.

R. B.—See this week's Notes.

SWEETE TEMMES.—We do not recommend you to invest in the Teachers' and General Investment Company. It is, no doubt, easy enough to subscribe for shares, but you will find it more difficult to get rid of them if you want your money. As to being a depositor, the security strikes us as very third-rate, for there is only £5000 of capital behind £10,000 of deposits. The Birkbeck Bank, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, would be better for a deposit. We advise you to buy Chadburn's (Ship) Telegraph Company's 6 per cent. Preference shares, or *Lady's Pictorial* 5 per cent. ditto, or Mellin's Food for Australia 6 per cent. ditto, if you want an investment in which you will get 5 per cent. and be able to realise at any time.

ELECTRIC.—Our candid opinion is that the shares are far better left alone, and if they were our own we should sell. The frantic efforts to put the price up and puff the concern is a very bad sign.

GLEVUM.—The scrape this company has got into over violations of the Acts of Parliament dealing with the match trade, and the story told in the police court about the death of workmen, &c., has brought about the fall. The papers have been full of it, and there have been some very nasty questions in Parliament. We should hold, for this kind of thing soon dies out.

J. E. C.—Your letter will be answered on the 13th inst.

LINCOLN.—See answers to "A. H. B." and "Sweetie Temmes."

PETE.—We believe we are right in telling you that the British Hydraulic Joint Company will at once be liquidated, and the money returned in full to all allottees. Arrangements, we hear, are being made to do this without expense to the shareholders.

The issue of the Preference shares of the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company, Limited, having been subscribed for many times over, it was found necessary to close the list early on the second day.

"Clubland" will be well represented at Henley and Ascot this year. The secretaries of this useful organisation have so arranged that lawns with luncheon and ladies' tents have been reserved on the hill opposite the Horse Barracks at Ascot, and in the meadows next to the Grand Stand at Henley. "Clubland" carriages will be reserved on the special trains, and, in the case of the Ascot Meeting, "Clubland" coaches and brakes will start from the Royal Hotel at Slough and drive by this picturesque route to the course.